new masses

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WHY I JOINED THE COMMUNISTS

A Scientist's Own Story

by DYSON CARTER

TWO ARTISTS AND TWO WORLDS

Evergood and Beckmann

by WILLIAM THOR BURGER

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dear reader:

WHEN Gerald L. K. Smith appeared, at his own suggestion, before the Un-American Committee of the House last January 30, he had a lot to say about "the people who are fighting me." He said, among other things, they were making "an attack on Christians." And he offered to produce as Exhibit "A" one of the victims. This was the Rev. Walter Haushalter of Baltimore, leading spirit in American Action, Inc., which was exposed by NEW MASSES last year in two articles which I wrote. Smith assured the Committee Haushalter would be glad to tell them all about the "character assassination" launched against his committee "because of their stand against communism."

With this introduction from their champion Smith, American Action, Inc., petitioned the Un-American Committee for an investigation of NEW MASSES, the Anti-Defamation League and the Jewish *Times* of Baltimore. The Chicago *Tribune* broke the story through its Washington Bureau in a dispatch datelined February 23.

Smith had a gala day before the committee naming the organizations he wanted investigated and the individuals he wanted investigated, and how he wanted the Communist Party outlawed. He was listened to with rapt attention by the members. And he was questioned, yes, sir—not on his fascist activities, of course—but on whether the Communists weren't behind the strikes then in progress, and, in the words of committee counsel Ernie Adamson, on just how the committees and organizations fighting anti-Semitism "get their money."

As a result of the NEW MASSES expose of American Action, Inc. last year, Rev. Haushalter was given a chance to resign from his pulpit or from his committee with its strong odor of Gerald L. K. Smith. He chose to resign from his pulpit, according to his church board of trustees.

Until the Smith blast, little had been heard from American Action, Inc. except for their going on record against the United Nations Charter last summer. I would like to know what they are up to. If NEW MASSES is to be called before the Un-American committee, I want to do bigger and better exposes to tell about. And Mr. Smith is right—it takes money.

Not that I am the expensive proposition that Mr. Smith so flatteringly claims. For Smith recently got exercised about another expose I did for NEW MASSES. He devoted a whole back page to excoriating me after the American Action expose. Then this last January he announced in his *Cross and the Flag* that NM had gone "to the expense of preparing a costly series of articles against the Youth for Christ movement." By the time his scoop appeared, we already had printed two articles on Youth for Christ.

I don't have nearly the lush expense account that Mr. Smith does, judging from the hotel bills noted in his America First Party list of receipts and expenditures filed with the Clerk of the House—required to be filed by law and bitterly assailed as an injustice by Smith.

But NEW MASSES wants to do more extensive investigations and maybe make Mr. Smith a little madder. And it can—if NEW MASSES readers will kick in a little extra dough. So—won't you give us a hand, with dollars, to help us fight Gerald L. K. Smith and his racist buddies?

Sincerely,
VIRGINIA GARDNER.

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WHY I AM A COMMUNIST

In an open letter to Tim Buck, leader of the Canadian Marxist party, a noted scientist tells why membership in the party is his highest honor.

By DYSON CARTER

All over the world, in France, in England, in Italy, in Germany and Japan, in Latin America, millions are joining the Communist parties — a groundswell of the postwar resurgence of world democracy. With these millions, and part of them, are some of the best representatives of the arts, sciences and professions. Here in our country the Communist Party is engaged in a recruitment drive, a campaign to strengthen the party of Marxism, of socialism. The following article is presented to highlight what the Communist movement and Marxism mean to a professional.

MY DEAR TIM: Many times since our first meeting, you and I have shaken hands. Today I am sure your handshake would be firmer than ever. Now we are more than friends. We are comrades. I am writing to tell you that after years of pondering I have joined the Labor-Progressive Party.

Above all others, Tim, you know how long and carefully I have considered taking this step. It is no casual gesture on my part. It would be splendid to sit down with you now and explain fully why at last I have become a member of Canada's working-class party, the party of Marxism, of scientific socialism. But we are almost 2,000 miles apart. This letter will have to do.

In one sentence: I am joining the LPP because it is the only party in Canada fighting to establish socialism in our Dominion, the only party that can lead the Canadian people in the immediate struggles and ultimately to socialism.

To me this means that the LPP understands fully what socialism is and how it can be brought about. Like many intellectuals, workers, farm folk, professional and middle-class people, I have long been convinced that capitalism is now obsolete and that socialism is a higher form of society. For years I did not grasp the political implications of this belief in the socialist order. But life itself, and the study of Marxism, and my writing and scientific work, unified by incessant striving for truth, have raised the level of my comprehension. Now I am joining the Party because I know what it means to work for socialism.

Socialism will bring an end to the capitalist state in Canada, replacing it with a state organized by those historically destined to build a higher, classless society—all men and women who work productively with hand or brain. Thereby great changes will take place in Canada.

First: there will be an end to the exploitation of the workers, farmers, and middle class, by the capitalists and their avaricious monopolies. There can be no compromise here. Canada's vast productive machinery, transport systems, power plants, communications, finances, natural resources and so forth must be expropriated from our ruling minority of millionaires and taken over by the working people's state. All property, except one's personal possessions,

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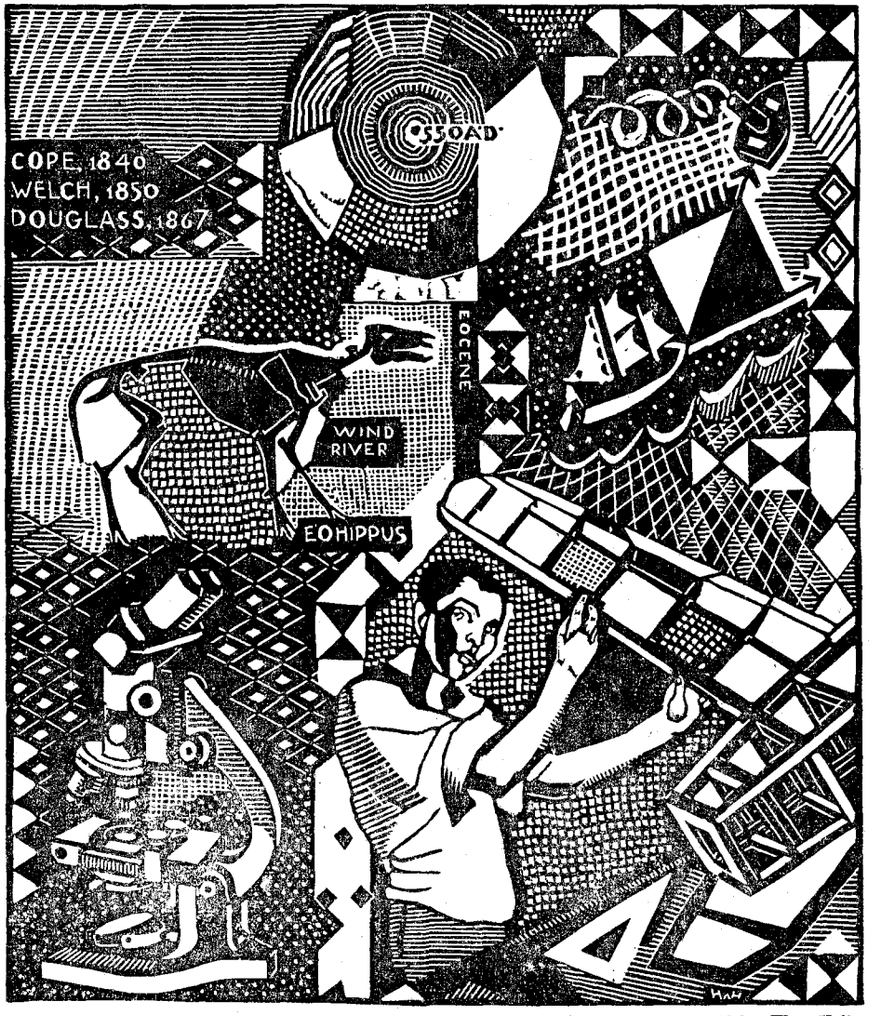
will become socialist property, owned by the whole people; and the land will be given by perpetual lease to the farmers working it. The individual's right to make profits from the labor of others will thus be abruptly ended. Then will come to an end the infinite social and economic cruelties of the capitalist system, against which the humanitarians have protested for two hundred years.

More: socialism will organize Canada's production rationally, directing it with the conscious will of the working people, according to the needs of the people and the limitless productive resources of our huge nation; so that, as in the USSR, ever higher standards of living will be attained. Our industry and agriculture already rank among the most technically efficient in the world, the most profitable. Socialism will eliminate the exploiters, then divert all profits into ever-increasing incomes for the people who create them and into still further expansion of output. We shall mobilize for total war on poverty in the cities and countryside. Everything that the people need and cannot now afford—decent homes, good food, clothing, cars, radios, refrigerators, holiday resorts, clinic and hospital care—far more than people imagine, can easily be produced and distributed with the guidance of science and engineering, freed from the present anti-social limitations.

Still more: the winning of socialism in Canada will enable us to open wide the portals of knowledge and culture for all; our socialist state will begin to make real for us mankind's most sublime dream—the dream of turning the fabulous power of human labor and intelligence away from the mean struggle for existence, into the heroic task of creating a new world, a world dimly visioned long ago but never possible in any previous civilization, the world of endless progress now made achievable by the triumphs of science and the arts.

I am proud that it has been my privilege to give the Canadian people, especially in my book *Russia's Secret Weapon*, a true picture of the Soviet Union, the world's only socialist state, the land where radically new material conditions of life have unleashed boundless creative energies in the laboring people and the intelligentsia. Only in the USSR can the splendid shape of the new world be clearly seen. There crises and unemployment are wholly eliminated, enmity between races and nationalities has given way to man's natural love for his fellow beings, and the lofty ideals of socialist democracy have become woven into the moral fiber of new, daring, superbly valiant peoples. The Soviet Union truly represents the concrete hope of mankind. Only there is the future already in view.



Helen West Heller

You have sat up half the night listening to me talk about the future, Tim. What I want to say now is something right down to earth. Why should a scientist, an author, decide to *join the struggle for socialism?*

Fourteen years ago, when doing postgraduate research at the university, I began reading all I could find on Soviet science. This led me far afield. Into history, into philosophy. I saw how distorted was the lifeless history of science propounded by my professors. I discovered that Herzen, of whom my teachers knew nothing, was one of the great materialists, and a revolutionary. Mendeleeff, the chemist who discovered the periodicity of the elements and thus scored one of the boldest victories in scientific thought, had been portrayed to me as a reclusive man who had no thought beyond atomic weights; I found Mendeleeff to be a vigorous exponent of scientific materialism. We were told that the famous English chemist Priestly, discoverer of oxygen, was a "non-conformist minister." Actually he was a political revolutionist and a friend of Benjamin Franklin, another revolutionary scientist.

Slowly my awakening proceeded, down the centuries from Galileo through Darwin to Haldane. But the mysticism and conservatism that stupefies our academic circles was difficult to overcome. It has been a hallmark of the scientist in Canada to be "above" the people, remote from politics, even despising the arts. When I began to write I met sneers and sharpening criticism. First, for "degrading" science by making it understandable to the people. Then, for daring to accuse capitalism

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of keeping science chained in the rotting temple of profits.

A few scientific spokesmen for large trusts and reactionary government departments tried to discredit me academically and professionally. On several occasions their efforts backfired. For example, when they protested to editors about my "fantastic" article dealing with an unknown English doctor and his "impossible" drug. That was the first article written about Alexander Fleming and penicillin! Again, in 1943 certain engineers branded me a crackpot for predicting that the revolutionary gas turbine would someday be used in airplanes. Today such turbines make all previous motors obsolete, and power thousands of planes.

I could give half a dozen further instances of this reactionary attitude on the part of technologists holding important posts. It was well summed up a short time ago by Dr. Harlow Shapley, renowned director of the Harvard Observatory, when he diagnosed our leading scientists as "almost pathologically conservative" and pointed out that they actually feared loss of professional reputation if they spoke directly to the people. But Shapley does not see how this came about. Experience taught me the cause.

Today, the mighty achievements of science are becoming evident to all the workers, the farmers and middle class. Painfully apparent is the contrast between science unleashed for war and science suppressed in daily life. For several years I have been describing the potentialities of technology. Time and again I have felt stifled when attempting to bridge the chasm between our way of life in Canada today and that which science could give us. What I have pictured has sometimes appeared fantastic. But these marvels of improved living are as real as jet planes, radar and nylon textiles. The only fantastic thing about them is to conceive of moribund capitalism making them available to the people!

Behind the scenes, researchers find the contradictions of capitalism staring at them through the crafty, brazen eyes of monopoly.

In earlier generations capitalists bribed the best mechanics, turning such men into white-collar enemies of their working comrades. Nowadays the performance is repeated with scientists, engineers, professors of technology. A few of them, at the price of treachery to the great traditions of science, are bought for service to the cartels; the majority remain cautious and silent.

In that way science is held apart from the people. Intellectual philistines are able to preserve the myth that scientists and artists are traditionally aloof from political struggle. But whenever the principles of scientific reasoning are applied to any social or economic problem, inevitably there stands out from all obscurantism that irreconcilable conflict—the class struggle between the millions of workers, the people, and the few capitalist exploiters and their state.

Tim, all your adult life you have served in the front ranks of the class struggle. You understand how directly a worker in mine or mill will come to see the correctness of the Communist position. But imagine the plight of a scientist or engineer today. If there is a spark of passion in him, a single dream of love for man, the more honestly he examines the world the more his life becomes a torment.

Immeasurably powerful discoveries in biology, medicine, agriculture and applied physics have given into our hands what Shapley poetically calls the "power to evolve humanity above the angels." This power is throttled by the class that owns all our society and our science, the monopolists of finance and industry. And to them, now that fascism has failed, the future presents only one desperate problem: how to evolve some new means of blocking the march of the people towards socialism.

At this moment the atomic bomb is delighting the most stupid enemies of the people, for they dream of using this super-weapon to destroy Soviet power. Well, in this task they would find uranium as impotent as Hitler's super-Aryans. And see how gauntly bankrupt capitalism stands out in the piercing light of atomic explosions! It is no accident that atomic power, this stupendous new source of energy ten million times greater than the forms we use today, was developed at breathless speed for war but is now being restrained from peaceful applications.

The word "application" is pathetic. Atomic power, Rutherford said, will make the real beginning of man's history. But he was wrong, Tim. Atomic power cannot be "applied" by dying capitalism. The liberation of atomic forces together with all other mighty discoveries can be carried out only under socialism, and it is the socialist revolution, Soviet power, that marks the historical turning-point for mankind. Hundreds of scientists are gradually awakening to this inescapable unity of politics and technology.

Still, the technologist's eyes are dimmed by financial dependence on the ruling class. The resulting fear, and the snobbery of the cultural forces brought to bear on him, combine to distort his social insight and keep him remote from the workers, who alone can liberate him from his state of genteel servility.

Fortunately I escaped his mental and moral narcosis. From time to time, as you know, certain "impacts of the environment" prodded me into decisive thinking and acting. There is my favorite prescription for those who are confused: *action*. Political activity is is the answer for those who have fears, or who have rationalized themselves into enervating conflicts. Clearly, this is how even the great scientists and artists have moved straight towards membership in their Communist parties —Haldane, Joliot-Curie, Langevin, Bloch, Aragon, Picasso. . . .

(*To be concluded next week.*)

Lenin

In you no more the child's dark, giant fears,
No more the barrier to the still unknown,
Through you the blent experience of the years
More warmly sown.

No more the tumult over the torn field
Of truth, and life is whole at last and glad.
Here seedling, roof and mantle greater yield
The dream we had.

In you the fear turned hunger, hunger hope,
Exemplar of the struggle breath began.
We lift you, torch, aloft, we do not grope;
We have found man.

MARION BUCHMAN.

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TAX EXEMPTIONS—FOR WHAT?

A Guest Editorial by EUGENE P. CONNOLLY

Member of the New York City Council from Manhattan

OPEN hearings will commence before the Rules Committee of the New York City Council on Friday, May 17, on my resolution to enforce action by the Tax Commission to bar tax exemptions to all non-sectarian educational institutions which make a business of bias and whose unwritten rule it has become to establish a sinister kind of mathematics — the quota system.

Let me say at the outset that while credit is due to Councilman Walter R. Hart, who as chairman of the Rules Committee showed laudable consideration of my proposal, the real force making for the open hearings is the will of the people of New York City. More than 5,000 letters, telegrams, postcards, copies of resolutions and signed petitions have deluged me, Councilman Hart, Mayor O'Dwyer, President Harry Chambers of the Tax Commission and the members of his commission, in one of the most spontaneous outbursts of support ever seen.

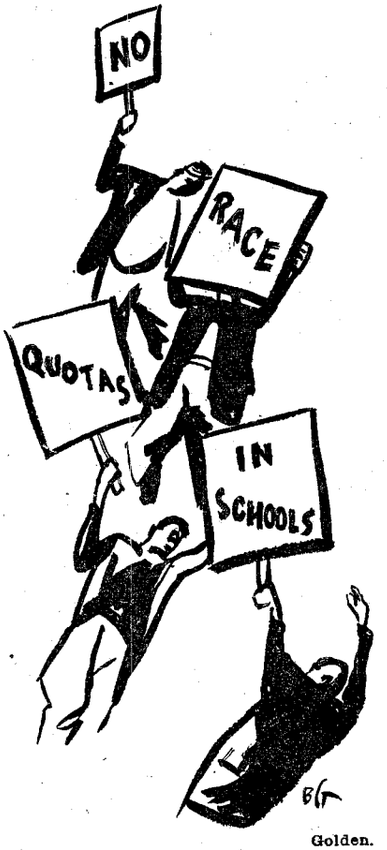
Evidence has been piling up for years that Jews, Catholics, Negroes and Italians have become the objects of the quota system. And they know it. This is shown by the extent and diversity of the communications received supporting the proposal before the Council. Schools, churches, synagogues, fraternal groups, labor, veterans' organizations and individuals from every walk of life have joined in the mighty chorus demanding an end to discrimination in education, and, at least, the withholding of tax exemptions to institutions which practice bias in admissions.

I have submitted a simple approach to the question; I am not asking for any departure from our fundamental way of life. All I seek is forthright enforcement of existing law. Article 1, Section 4, Subdivision 6 of the New York State Tax Law states: "No education corporation or association that holds itself to the public to be non-sectarian and exempt from taxation pursuant to the provisions of this section shall deny the use of its facilities to any person, otherwise qualified, by reason of his race, color or religion."

This is in keeping with our basic national and state constitutional law that all men are created free and equal and shall receive equal treatment without discrimination.

Since serious charges have been made that Columbia University and other colleges have instituted a quota system, I believe that the Tax Commission has the direct obligation to meet this challenge to determine whether or not such colleges while receiving tax exemptions are violating the law by engaging in discriminatory practices.

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY has properties in New York City estimated to be worth some $50,000,000, which are tax exempt to the tune of some $1,700,000. That exemption, or gift by the taxpayers, is made up by those same taxpayers. In many instances those taxpayers or their children are the very ones against whom the discriminatory policy operates. It is fantastic to expect such taxpayers to pay for their own victimization. It is analogous in its ultimate conclusion to the Hitlerism which made its furious onslaughts on hapless peoples and then charged them with the incredible costs of their own destruction.



Golden.

We cannot afford to have Columbia University or any other university practice discrimination against anybody because of race, color or religion. It doesn't matter what name they give to it. If it boils down to that, it's time to stop it. No more reprehensible place for ingraining prejudice can be found than in an institution supposedly devoted to enlightenment. The poison inculcated there can only lead to the most insidious form of racism—with the addition of a rationalized intellectual approach.

The simple legislative request I have made is one that cannot be denied. Eminent individuals like Dr. Stephen S. Wise (on behalf of the American Jewish Congress) have challenged such discrimination with facts and logic. The New York *Times* on January 23, in a front page story by Benjamin Fine, disclosed the sensational probings of the Mayor's Committee on Unity headed by Charles Evans Hughes, Jr. It said, "In essence the report declared that a quota system against Catholic, Jewish and Negro students had been established. This is particularly bad in the field of medicine, it was charged, but liberal arts institutions are not exempted from the complaint. During the last decade, the conditions have grown rapidly worse." The Tax Commission must look into the situation and insist, at least, that an institution seeking to obtain or to maintain tax exemption must show that it is entitled to what it is asking. Nothing less than a clean bill of health will do.

I call upon everyone to continue the deluge of communications to the Mayor, to me, to the Tax Commission, and especially to Chairman Walter R. Hart of the Rules Committee to see this through. Especially do I suggest to organizations that they write now to Councilman Hart requesting an opportunity for representatives of their groups to testify at the open hearings starting on May 17, at 2 P.M., in City Hall. This is not just my fight. It's everyone's.

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EVERGOOD: PIONEERING A NEW ART

A review of the Evergood and Beckmann art shows. The world impinges upon Beckmann, Evergood goes out to the world . . . expressionism in art.

By WILLIAM THOR BURGER

THE shows of Max Beckmann and Philip Evergood have opened across from each other on 57th Street. This simultaneous exhibiting is both historically and dialectically appropriate. Beckmann is a great German master of expressionism, while Evergood's work is an extremely interesting and important American variation of that style. On a street packed with midget Picassos and pint-sized Miros it comes as a rare and pleasant surprise to find the American variant of a European style more than holding its own against its original. Interesting as the two shows are separately, a comparison between the two is instructive for the problems raised in using previous styles in the creation of a new social art.

The stylistic similarity between the two is marked. Both use strong, pure primary and complementary colors, applied with considerable boldness in large areas. The brushmark is generally distinct and vigorous. Much of the drawing is done with colored brush lines, which define the areas of color. Both drawing and application of color display the agitated marks of the painter's activity. Violent contrasts such as black and white, blue and orange, yellow and purple, red and green are used along with bold intersecting lines and large compositional movement of forms. Natural forms are distorted or destroyed at the whim of the painter and objects are related not according to the laws of perspective and of Newton but by order of their significance to the painter. Even inanimate things partake of this febrile activity. All are both brightly and unnaturally colored. The paintings are suffused with a high emotional charge whose presence is clearly felt, but whose nature is sometimes difficult to specify.

Expressionists are concerned with representing an emotional attitude towards the world. Their esthetic is based on the belief that colors and forms can be used to recreate emotional states.

In contrast to the platonic esthetic of beauty of the French abstract painters, the expressionists are not obsessed with beauty. Everything in and out of the world, everything that the painter senses, perceives or thinks is grist for the expressionist's mill. Whatever arouses an emotion is an expressionist subject, and only when that emotion is made concrete is the painting successful.

A painting that is merely beautiful is a failure from the expressionist point of view.

To be such a painter one must live at raw nerve's edge, with feelings and mind in constant turmoil. The painting must be done at white heat, in the first pure burst of emotion. From the point of view of the audience the result is frequently incomprehensible, but this is not expressionist's primary concern.

Munch, Ensor, Gaugin and Van Gogh were the great predecessors of the expressionist style which began to develop in Austria and Germany simultaneously with the Fauves in France. In 1897 the "secession" began in Vienna and somewhat later the "Brucke" and "Blau Reiter" groups formed in southern Germany. Klimt, Schmidt-Rottluff, Nolde, Muller and Marc sought out primitive emotions and primitive art. Although colored and distorted by the painter's emotional attitude, beasts, nudes, jungles and flowers are still recognizable in the paintings of this first group.

In 1911 in Munich, Kandinsky, Klee and Feininger began to systematize and purify the style. Just as in France painters of the impressionist, pointillist and cubist schools successively analyzed and explored the vision of the eye, so in Germany the expressionists sought laws for the vision of the mind. They tried to create a non-objective style based on the emphatic and synesthesic effect of form and color in contrast to the cubist "Section d'or," which created an abstract style based on presumed laws of harmony and beauty. The expressionist attempt to create a plastic dictionary of emotion was a bold attempt to extend pictorial language, but it failed when no two painters agreed on the emotional effect of any one color or combination of lines.

When the first World War ended, painters in both France and Germany tired of the limitations of abstract art and turned again to representation. This third expressionist generation tried to apply the new knowledge of the emotional effects to representation once again. Georg Grosz, Dix, Hofer and Beckmann are the important figures of this group.

THE catalogue of the Beckmann show at Buchholz reprints his old motto, "If you want to experience the invisible devote yourself exclusively to the visible." This has been Beckmann's program for twenty-five years. Of all the expressionists he is one of the least concerned with emotion and the most interested in beautiful painting. In the present show, as always, he paints his studio with its complement of still lives, friends and exotic models. Sometimes he paints the excursion world of beaches, theaters and villas. Occasionally he has something to say about the state of the world in general. While Beckmann's content has remained relatively banal his technique has become ever stronger and more subtle. In the current show the overpowering technique seems somehow pretentious in terms of the puny content.

Philip Evergood began as an expressionist painter. While his roots still show clearly, he has flowered into something else again. His early etchings of the 1920's show him to be a painter of a private paradise whose homeland is alternately the Bible and Greek mythology. At times he thinks of himself as a talented youth burned in the fiery furnace, at times he is a centaur gadding about with nymphs, or Solomon dickering with his harem. In those years Evergood was a very young, and a very immature painter.

Just as the misery of postwar Germany turned Grosz from non-objec-

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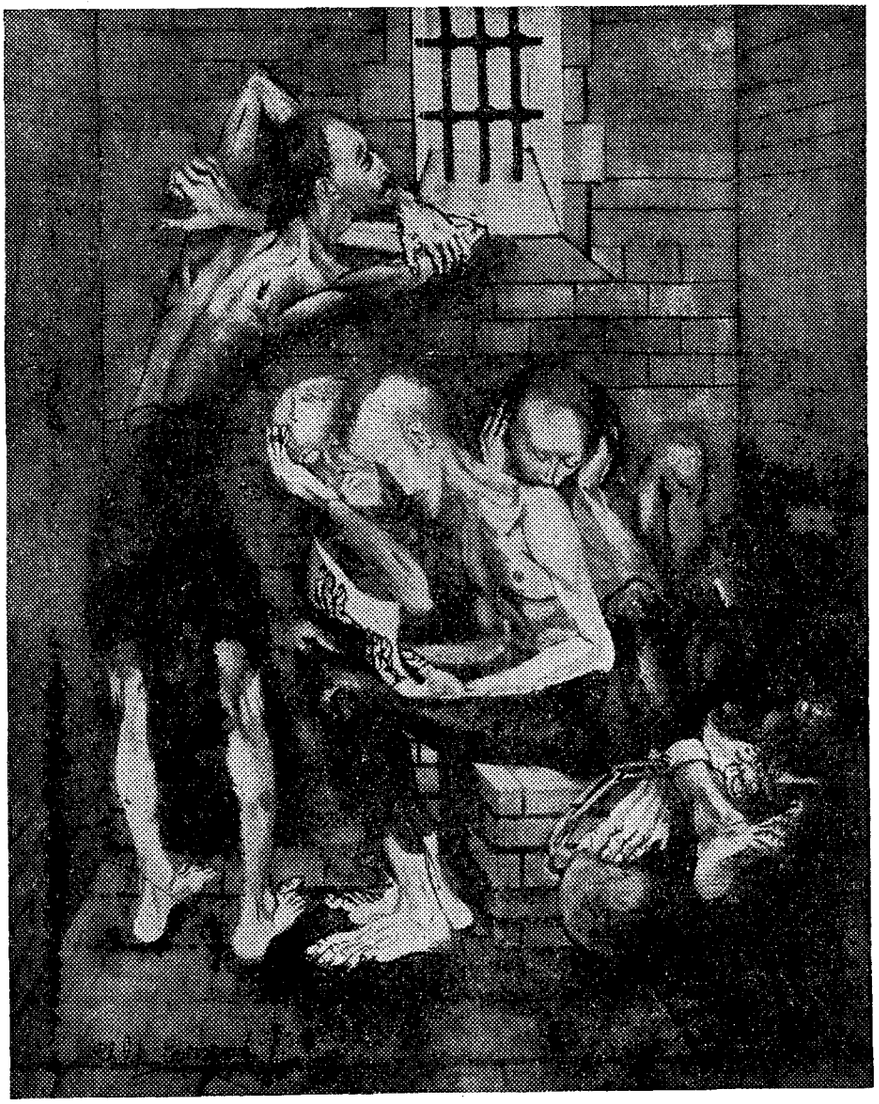
tivity to satire, so the impact of the Great Depression changed Philip Evergood. His paintings of these years are at first cruel satires on all of American life. Later, with growing political conviction, he turned his attention to the social and economic roots of the world's evil: war, fascism, discrimination, capitalism. Still learning his craft, Evergood's technique was evolving towards expressionism while his content was subtly moving in another direction. Still painting his own emotional reactions, Evergood as part of a group of artists with similar values found his emotions shared and sought to make them more comprehensible so that they could be shared more widely. His painting has become less personal expressionism than social symbolism which makes use of the expressionist language for social ends.

Beckmann and Evergood use similar subjects. But the difference between Evergood and a normal expressionist like Beckmann may be seen by comparing the two.

The painter's attitude toward himself as revealed in self-portrait marks the distance between them. Beckmann shows himself twice. Once he stands at his easel and paints himself in his mirror. The other time he sits at a table holding a mirror which reflects and distorts the world, while three visiting friends bring allegorical gifts of food—a fish, a beet and a melon. Evergood also has two self-portraits on exhibition. In one he tenderly nurses a wounded tree in a city back yard, and in the other he and his wife sadly bury a dead cat, the Queen of Sheba. Beckmann mirrors himself as an artist genius whose function is to paint himself while admiring friends bring gifts. Evergood thinks of himself as caring even for objects as relatively unimportant as a tree and a dead cat.



"The Indestructibles," oil by Philip Evergood. At the ACA through May 25.

THE world impinges upon Beckmann; Evergood goes out to the world. For example, examine their attitude toward workers. Both have taken the curious juncture of man and modern technical products as themes. Beckmann draws an iceman distorted and separated from the painter by refraction through a transparent cake of ice. In "Through the Mill" Evergood paints a New England textile works like a scene from Dante. The fantastic prison enclosing a maze of colored spindles is shown as the instrument which distorts and deadens the workers. To Beckmann the worker with his product is only a servant carrying a visual oddity. The worker and his tool are used by Evergood to show the cruel effect of the factory on man. In the background the whole of society is shown in the contrast between the mansion in the sunlight on the hill and the shadowed homes of the workers.

One of the major themes in modern art, the circus, is used by both. Now Picasso, Schoenberg, Chagall, Roualt, Walt Kuhn and a thousand others have painted saltimbanques and buffoons. The acrobat, the clown are peripheral artists whose skill depends on physical agility and simple gesturing, who live a wandering disreputable life apart from society, and perform for whichever chance observer passes by. The starved, weary and despised acrobat is seen by the self-pitying painter as a brother. Rigoletto laughing, Christ mocked, the man of genius in exile and disguise are part of the elements of the artist's identification with the circus performer. Moreover, concern with the circus and its life reflects the artist's isolation by seeming to say that the world is after all only a stage, a vain and passing spectacle in which the artist performs but from which he remains aloof. Lastly, the sawdust ring is one of the few islands of the world where costumes and colors are still bright and exotic.

So Beckmann, too, uses this theme. In his famous "Departure" at the Museum of Modern Art, he bids farewell to Nazi Germany by seeing it as a gruesome street carnival in which an allegory of fascism is enacted. A less forceful version is its companion piece, the large tryptych, "Acrobats," in the present show. The acrobats, however, are French, while the inscriptions are partly in English. Acrobats of the famous *Cirque Medrano* perform a charade on the state of the world. The first panel implies, with much complicated symbolism and beautiful painting,

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that love is like a trapeze act. The central one similarly announces that the family is a burlesque, while the third indicates that war is merely commercialized buffoonery by showing an usherette selling eskimo pies to Mars. Despite the really beautiful paint quality of these three huge canvases, despite their impressive mystification, I cannot but feel that they signify much less than they pretend to.

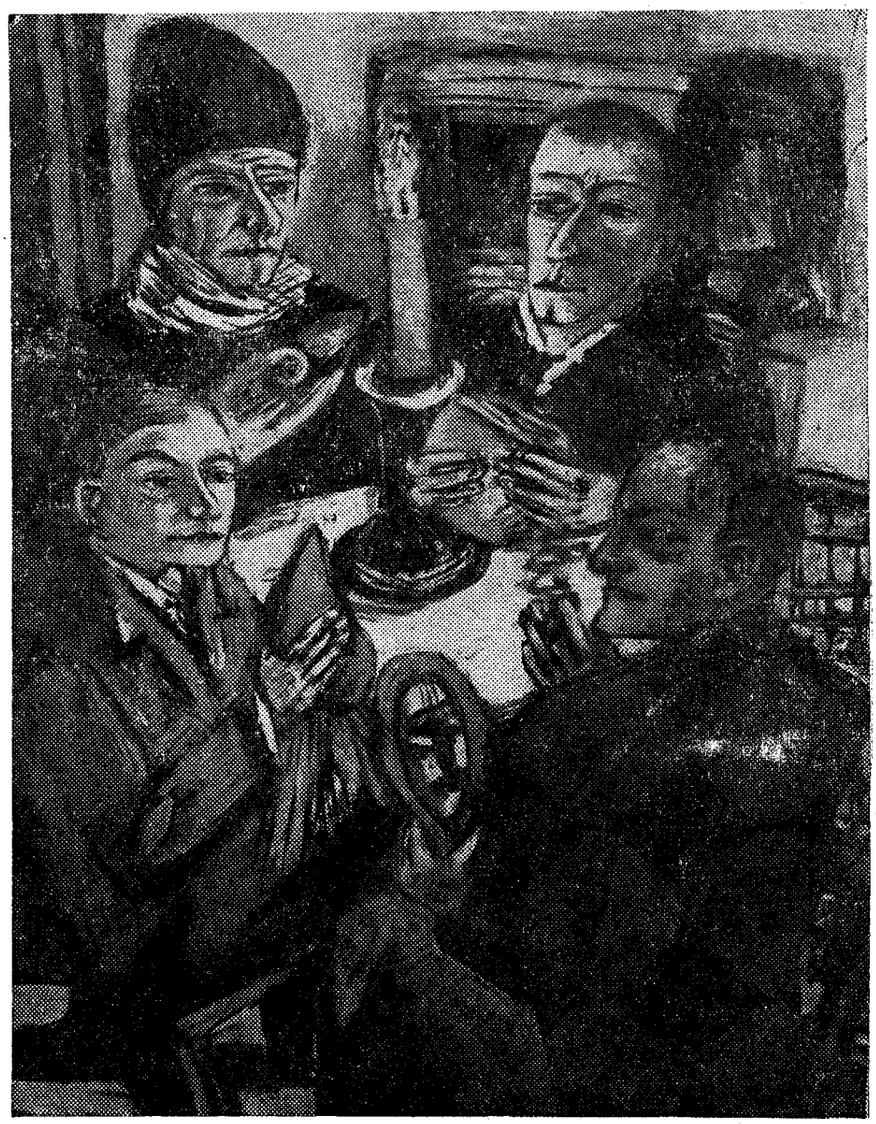
In the "Quarantined Citadel" Evergood uses the same theme. He combines Luna Park and Alcatraz to create a prison playground for the militarists of all nations who play at war games in a carnival of weapons. For their amusement Evergood has even erected a merry-go-round with four-engined bombers for seats. Evergood does not shrug off war as a circus. That is the attitude of which he accuses the militarists. To Evergood, theirs is a dangerous and anti-social idea whose proponents merit imprisonment. His idea is both less banal and more comprehensible than Beckmann's. Nor is one whit of pictorial beauty, of juicy color, of vigorous brushwork, or strange conjunction of objects lost in the process. The elements, inexplicably beautiful in themselves in Beckmann's work, are used to buttress and amplify Evergood's richer content.

IT MUST not be thought that Evergood's work even now forms a coherent whole. The largest group of paintings in the ACA show are those concerned with war, fascism and the industrial scene. They are in general his most successful. The "Indestructibles," "Fascist Franco Leads," "Quarantined Citadel" and "Through the Mill" belong to this group. Yet even here remain traces of the biblical overtones of his earliest days, as in the "New Birth," the "Madonna of the Mines" and "Leave it to the Experts." In these the irony seems a little forced. Here also are grouped his least successful paintings, "Freedom from Fear" and "Jobs not Dimes." Slogan and personal emotion are not integrated. In the "Freedom from Fear," for example, his sympathy for persecuted races leads him to include the purple, the grey, the green, as well as the pink and the yellow races, and results in something more grotesque than effective.

Nearly twenty-five of the paintings include suffering children, who form the main theme in half of these. Such frequent repetition would lead a Freudian to suspect all sorts of latent hostilities and sublimated masochisms, nor would such an analysis be inadmissable in the case of a straight expressionist. In Evergood's case he would point to the unnecessarily sharp and detailed teeth that his characters possess, and buttress his argument with the observation that eating or starving appears in half the pictures in the show. What Evergood's psychological mechanisms are I cannot say. Surely such themes exist in the real world that moves a social painter with sufficient frequency to warrant their place in his art. The psychological overtones aid in producing an emotional impact on the audience and are an important part of the esthetic whole.

Evergood still produces purely personal expressionist paintings. There are a series of large figures of women in curious juxtaposition to allegorical beasts, birds and landscape. As pure expressionism they are interesting, but not nearly as powerful as the grey slum woman in "Dawn" or his more direct portrait of his mother.

A twenty-year retrospective is a stiff test of a painter's fertility and imagination. Unlike many expressionist painters who play their one note and leave, Evergood has improved at a marked rate. It is the direction he has taken that guarantees his future. In comparison to Beckmann, who is typical of the best of expressionism, Evergood seeks to clarify rather than to mystify. For whimsy he has substituted irony, for aloofness, sympathy, for Bohemia, Marxism. The egotistic genius absorbed in art yields to the social prophet of the world of industry. In so doing Evergood, with David Smith, Robert Gwathmey, Jack Levine, Mike Siporin, Symeon Shimin and Honore Sharrer, is pioneering in the creation of a new art out of the bowels of the old.



"Four Men Around the Table," oil by Max Beckmann. At the Buchholz through May 18.

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Renegade

Easily, oh easily, from facile hand the trifles flow—
quietly, so quietly, the brain has ceased to grow—
When? How? In what minor hell
of Buy and Sell
—doubt compounded, panic fed, lusting peace, sweet peace—
peace given, urged, spoon-fed, sweet peace spilled down
the meek gullet in bland nauseous shock like blackshirt castor
oil . . .
Who can tell
in what hour he fell?
This we know:
Who once had the shape and grace of a man,
youth's fire, a vision and a fist,
now walks meekly in his own shoes suddenly large;
meekly easily walks the easy streets
of sanctioned fraud.
And we, lean, with clamor of arms and youth's laughter
pass him standing there fat and sweet from funeral meat
fed by amorous Death who like the fabled Turk
likes his houris fat.
Undulant for benediction
one more fat cat
who for a vista of eternal tuna and cream
yielded his destiny and his dream.

BERNARD EVSLIN.

Nursery Rhyme

Until the sunless dawn arise
Jack, be patient, Jack, be wise,
And dry your eyes.

Until the sunless dawn come up
Stare at the wormwood in the cup
And drink it up.

Snatch at the tabloid, catch the train,
Reel through the infinite inane,
Silence the roaring brain.

Rest for the weary, hope for the dead;
These are the pages you have read;
All your fathers left unsaid

Is yours to grapple, yours to face.
You are appointed a cripple's pace.

These days are watching the world grow sick,
The dead lie rotting. Come, Jack, pick
Your way past the dead, though the dead lie thick.

Jack be nimble, Jack be quick.

JAMES BALDWIN.

The Journey

Beginning lights beyond our speedy train
a wash on someone's line
a bicycle watching a porch and
lawn chairs are expecting.
Everywhere a supper hush.
Seen from skimming rails the emptied hive of life
while we rush under remote stars: our planet
hangs in the fist of space.

Though earth we held by our heels against it
now belongs utterly to those who fell—
though our wish is a scar
that cannot knit enough,
time now to cross from the dry throat of parting,
hang on the past a sign, "So sorry."
Know that joy is in the journey.

RAY SMITH.

Pardon Peddlers

For those who crying good have forgot evil
For those heartless ones peddling pardons
Criminals must be left at large
Seeing it takes all kinds to make a world.

Listen to them:
"You can't stop preaching.
They've got their rights."
Listen to yesterday's echo:
"Whether they give in or resist
All Generals are much the same.
And poilus dressed in Nazi green
Are valiant poilus just the same.
Our cannon are most excellent
Even if marked for export.
And the faster he gathers slaves
The more he is master."

Women who sewed small stars of David
To suit a small jacket,
Hostages, men of the hills, the dead
Cannot penetrate the hideous mystery
Of mercy ardently invoked.

There is no stone more precious
Than vengeance for the innocent.
There is no sky clearer
Than day of traitors' death.
There is no earthly salvation
In pardons sold to headsmen.

PAUL ELUARD.

Translated from the French by De Witt Eldridge.

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FREE ENTERPRISE

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THE BRAVE LITTLE TAILOR

Paralyzed, helpless, Mr. Becker was dying. He wasn't afraid, but he had something to tell his son. Could Death wait for just ten minutes?

By MIRIAM BRUCE

Ben-Zion.

"I'M SORRY, Mr. Becker," said Death, looking at his watch again, "but I really can't wait any longer. You'll have to come along now."

Mr. Becker lifted his head from the pillow a little, which he could still just do; he could hear a starchy rustle which meant that Miss Vell was getting up from the big chair beside the bed. That was some chair. Marty and the girls had given it to him and Hannah for their twentieth anniversary. Ten years old and it looked like new. Since the war they didn't make chairs like that.

"Please, Death," said Mr. Becker. "Just a little more, wait. Any minute he'll be here."

"What did you say, Mr. Becker? Do you want something?" asked Miss Vell.

"Marty?" said Mr. Becker. On the third try he was able to say it loud enough for her to hear.

"He's coming, Mr. Becker. The telegram said tonight, and it's after that now. He's probably in the taxi." Miss Vell felt for the pulse that still whispered in Mr. Becker's wrist, and smiled down at him. "Marty's coming," she said.

"You see," said Mr. Becker to Death. "My son's on his way. Please, a little longer."

"I'd like to help you out," said Death, "but I've got other calls to make and I'm late already."

"Couldn't you go to another call and then come back?" asked Mr. Becker.

"I'm afraid I couldn't," said Death. "I'm not allowed to change the schedule. We don't want to get the records mixed."

"Oh," said Mr. Becker. "No, I guess not."

The room became colder as Death moved up from the foot of the bed. Mr. Becker wasn't at all frightened. Death wasn't like people thought. A medium-sized, tired looking man, putting on weight and losing his hair on top. He looked quite a lot like Moscowitz, the butcher, only better dressed, of course. In fact when he'd first entered the room Mr. Becker thought it *was* Moscowitz. "What are you doing here at this hour, Moscowitz?" he said. And Death had said, "I'm not Moscowitz, Mr. Becker, I'm Death," but of course by that time Mr. Becker had realized who he was.

Now Death was right beside his pillow. He could easily reach out and touch him, and Mr. Becker supposed that was how it was done.

"Listen, Death," said Mr. Becker, "it's not that I'm scared."

"I didn't think you were," said Death. "Besides, if you don't mind

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my saying so, you'll be much better off."

"Right," said Mr. Becker. "Right." He thought of the cold heaviness of all of his left side, and how Hannah or Miss Vell had to do the smallest thing for him, the things no man wants some one else to do, how he had to lie there like an animal in a cage, and couldn't eat without being fed, or talk so anyone could hear him. Nobody wanted to live like that. "Right," said Mr. Becker again. "But there's something I got to tell my son. Something important."

"Can't your wife take care of it?"

"Hannah doesn't understand these things," said Mr. Becker. "It's the name of a bank."

"A bank?" said Death, but not looking very surprised, so Mr. Becker guessed a lot of people came to him with the same story.

"The key has the number of the box on it, but the name of the bank it hasn't got." Mr. Becker stopped for a moment. Even talking to Death was beginning to be an effort. "I tried to tell Hannah when I first got sick but she wouldn't listen. The war bonds are there, and without them she has nothing."

"I SEE," said Death. "I'd like to help you out if I could." He smiled the saddest smile Mr. Becker had ever seen, so sad that even in his own trouble Mr. Becker was sorry for him. "I know your people so well," said Death.

"I don't want to take advantage of your good nature," said Mr. Becker, "but if you could just wait a little longer. . . ."

"Even if your son comes, how'll you make him understand what you mean?"

Mr. Becker thought of his cold, sluggish body, his jaws that refused to open, his tongue that barely moved. But he could, he had to. Two words and then he could stop.

"I'll make him understand," he said.

"Well," said Death. He took out his old-fashioned watch again and snapped open the cover. "I've got an automobile accident at 12:30. They'll probably be bad off if I'm late. Still, I suppose I could make it if I left at. . . ."

"Fifteen minutes just," said Mr. Becker eagerly.

"Five," said Death.

"Ten," said Mr. Becker.

"Done," said Death.

Death moved back to the foot of the bed and Mr. Becker could feel the room get a little warmer.

The door opened and closed and Mr. Becker knew it was Hannah again, although he couldn't move his head enough to see her. Funny how after many years you could feel when a person was there, know it without seeing or hearing or smelling. What a nice thing that would be if it lasted afterwards, so that when Hannah came he would know she was beside him. But that was nonsense, as Mr. Becker had known for a good many years. Hannah didn't know; she still believed in the candles on Friday night and God and a lot of other things. Well, that was all right, it would help her now. That and the war bonds he'd bought with the money from the shop. The war bonds. Mr. Becker looked at Death and Death said, "You have eight minutes more, Mr. Becker. He may come in time."

"Now, Mrs. Becker," said Miss Vell in her loud, cheerful voice, "I thought you were lying down. You said you would, you know."

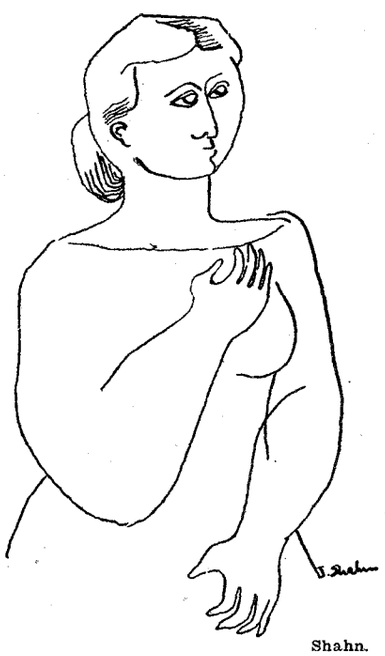
"Yes," said Hannah. "Thank you very much. I had a good rest."

"Good rest!" said Miss Vell. "You weren't lying down ten minutes. . . ."

"Yes," said Hannah. "Thank you very much." She tiptoed toward the bed on her short, shaky legs with her pudgy hands folded in front of her. She always wore her hands like that now, especially since he had gotten sick, but Mr. Becker could remember when she didn't. Mr. Becker could remember when Hannah was beautiful.

"Ira," she said. "Ira." He knew that she knew he couldn't answer, but just the same kept hoping that he

Six Sketches by Student Artists



Shahn.

Rickerson.

Waldman.

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would. She pulled the coverlet closer around him. "Ira?" she said. Then she sighed and folded her hands in front of her again.

He wanted to try to talk to her. She wouldn't hear him, but she'd know he knew her. Or try to smile or look at her at least. Thirty years. He wanted to look at her at least. But he had to save the strength he had for when Marty came so that she'd get the bonds. He made himself not try to move, and Hannah stood there with her hands folded in front of her, waiting for him to recognize her.

Mr. Becker could remember when Hannah was beautiful. . . .

THEY came on a boat called the Mary Taylor and the passage cost a hundred dollars. Some of the others had their passage paid for them by big companies in America who wanted men to build bridges and railroads for them. But they were husky Poles who'd swing hammers and picks for sixteen hours in the sun or the black mines, not Jews who'd sew sixteen hours in the airless shops and factories. It wasn't until years later that Mr. Becker realized they weren't different, not really different, and he and Hannah kept to themselves and the other Jewish passengers.

They left a small grave in a cemetery in Warsaw, and his people, and Hannah's people, and the language they knew, and the safe feeling of knowing their neighbors. Hannah said her children were going to talk with a free face.

"And weren't you afraid?" said Death.

"Why, yes," said Mr. Becker. "We were afraid."

The man at Ellis Island wrote down Becker on their papers so they'd have a name he could spell, and they stayed Becker. A cousin of Hannah's mother had been here ten years and spoke for Ira to his foreman. Ira worked from six o'clock in the morning to six or seven o'clock at night sewing buttons on men's jackets and took home eight dollars every week and forgot that he had studied the Talmud for twelve years. "Eight dollars bought a lot more in those days," said Mr. Becker.

"But not really enough, did it?" said Death.

"Enough was what you had," said Mr. Becker.

When even in the flat under the curved shadow of the El you could tell that it was spring, Hannah had her second baby, and this one lived. His name in the synagogue was Moishe for Ira's grandfather, but Hannah found out from the midwife that it was better for them to have American names too, so they called him Martin and when the girls came they were Muriel and Rose. Lucky there weren't more, because even when he finally got his own shop . . . Ira Becker, tailoring and alterations, what an excitement that first day . . . they just managed.

"Why don't you sit down, Mrs. Becker?" said Miss Vell. "No, thank you," said Hannah, but when Miss Vell brought her a chair she sat down in it as though she weren't noticing.

Mr. Becker didn't want to keep bothering Death about the time, and beside, the less Death was reminded of the passing minutes the better off Mr. Becker thought he was. Now he could see the watch on Hannah's wrist; it was upside down of course but the numbers were outlined in gold and easy to read. Muriel and her husband, Lenny, had given it to Hannah for a birthday and Mr. Becker hadn't liked the gold numbers and the diamonds on the wrist band. But Hannah had said, "What difference? Lenny has a good heart." Now Mr. Becker was glad for the gold numbers, and his son-in-law whom he'd never really liked was doing him a favor.

Five minutes more, said the gold numbers on Lenny's watch.

"I think she's a bit slow," said Death. "I make it four minutes, forty seconds."

Think about something else. Think about anything else and don't look at Hannah. Hannah's eyes were so patient and she was still waiting for him to look at her. He wanted to try to

Greenwald.

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touch her, move the hand that would still move a little, a finger only. A signal to let her know he knew her. After thirty years a finger was not much.

"I wouldn't," said Death. "Better save your strength for Marty."

SO THINK about something else. Don't think about Hannah patiently waiting.

About Lenny. Like Hannah said, Lenny had a good heart, and he was a good husband to Muriel. Muriel had a car, a nice apartment, three rooms, a fur coat; they got along fine. Still he didn't like Lenny and he didn't know why. He liked Francie, Marty's wife better, although she and Marty fought a lot and Hannah even said she was a Communist. Francie was funny, wouldn't keep house for Marty and didn't seem to appreciate being a doctor's wife. She worked, too, and though Hannah said she'd probably stop when Marty's practice got better, Mr. Becker didn't know. But there was something about Francie he liked, something that reminded him of Hannah when she was young. A free face. . . .

"What time?" said Mr. Becker. Even the gold numbers were getting very dim.

"Just over two minutes," said Death. "Maybe . . . if there's something you want to say to your wife. . . ."

"No," said Mr. Becker. "Marty."

"Do you mind if I ask you a question?" said Death. "There's something I'd like to know."

"Not at all," said Mr. Becker, politely but wondering what it was that he, Becker, could tell Death.

"You work so hard, most of you . . . and there isn't very much you get. Tell me," said Death, and once again Mr. Becker thought that for a big man like that, Death certainly didn't put on any airs. "Is it worth it?"

He would like to have had time to sit under a tree. He understood, maybe better than she did, what Francie meant when she said, "People shouldn't have to work so hard, Pop. They shouldn't have to work so hard and always be afraid and end up with nothing." Hannah had pneumonia and he hadn't been able to leave the shop, and while he sewed he thought, maybe when I get home she won't be there, and his hands were so cold he could hardly hold the needle, but he had to have money for medicine and the doctor, and the rent didn't stop either. Marty lost twenty pounds going through college and medical school and he couldn't help him much. Just when things were better and he could close the store at six o'clock or maybe seven he had the first stroke, and all he'd been able to save for Hannah were a few war bonds.

"Is it worth it?" asked Death.

"Of course," said Mr. Becker.

Mr. Becker could tell by Death's face that the time was almost up. He could feel his heart racing the seconds. Hannah smoothed the coverlet again. "Ira," she pleaded, and Mr. Becker held on.

There was a knock and the opening of the door, and the hope died before it was born when he heard Rose's voice saying, "How is he?"

"Time," said Death. "I'm sorry, Mr. Becker."

"There's a taxi stopping," said Rose. "It's Marty."

"Ira," said Hannah. She put her hands out to him.

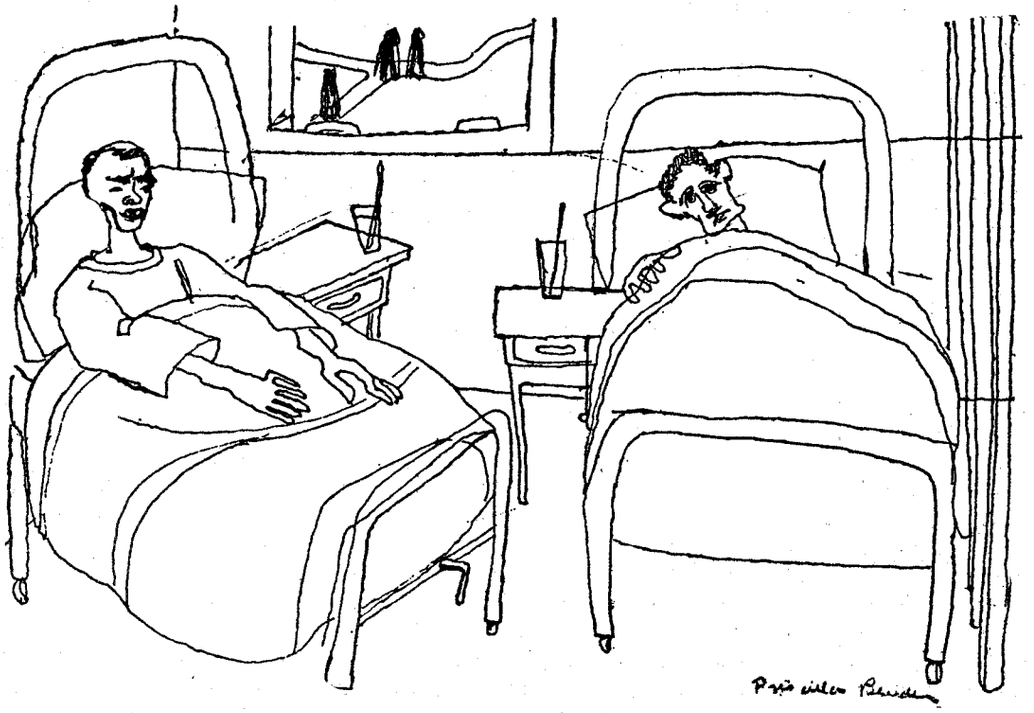
"I can wait another minute," said Death.

Marty cried exactly the same way now as he did when he was little, and it hurt Mr. Becker's heart just as much to hear him. "What is it, Pop?" Marty kept saying, and finally the cold tongue was able to make the words. "Immigrants' Saving," said Mr. Becker, and Marty nodded to show he had heard.

"Thank you," said Mr. Becker. He tried to smile at Hannah, but he couldn't make it. Death walked toward him, and for a moment Mr. Becker thought, "Better I should have said a word to Hannah."

"I never told her," he said to Death. "I never really told her."

"She knows," said Death, and laid his hand on Mr. Becker's heart.



Bender.

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UNCLE TOM ON THE AIR

The broadcasting companies are supposed to operate "in the in[illegible] of the public." How the radio networks promote anti-Negro preju[illegible]

By JAMES T. MESEROLE

"Sorry, you just ain't the type."

WITH the possible exception of William Randolph Hearst, no one in American life spends more time, energy and hard cash in proclaiming their selfless services to the public weal than do the owners and operators of our radio networks. In full page newspaper, magazine and trade paper advertisements, as well as with propaganda barrages over the air which they control but do not own, the network radio monopolists shower themselves with bouquets for their "public service" broadcasting activities.

Even if their claims were true they would hardly be remarkable. For American broadcasting is conducted with the free use of communication channels owned by the American people, and broadcasters are charged by law with the responsibility of operating "in the public interest, convenience and necessity." Nevertheless it is an often-proved fact that American radio operates day after day, year in and year out, not in the public interest but to the public detriment.

It operates to the detriment of all the people not merely through the familiar ways of presenting falsified and doped-up "dramas" of American life, unbridled distortions of the news that

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ntly make the corrupt press seem most honest by comparison, and all "public forum" programs heavily loaded on the side of reaction. American radio also works harm to the people whose interests it is supposed to serve in a way that is its particular specialty —namely, by kowtowing to, fostering and thereby extending, the most brutal and vicious prejudices held against minority groups in the nation.

And the chief victim of this prejudice-mongering is America's largest minority group, the 14,000,000 Negro people.

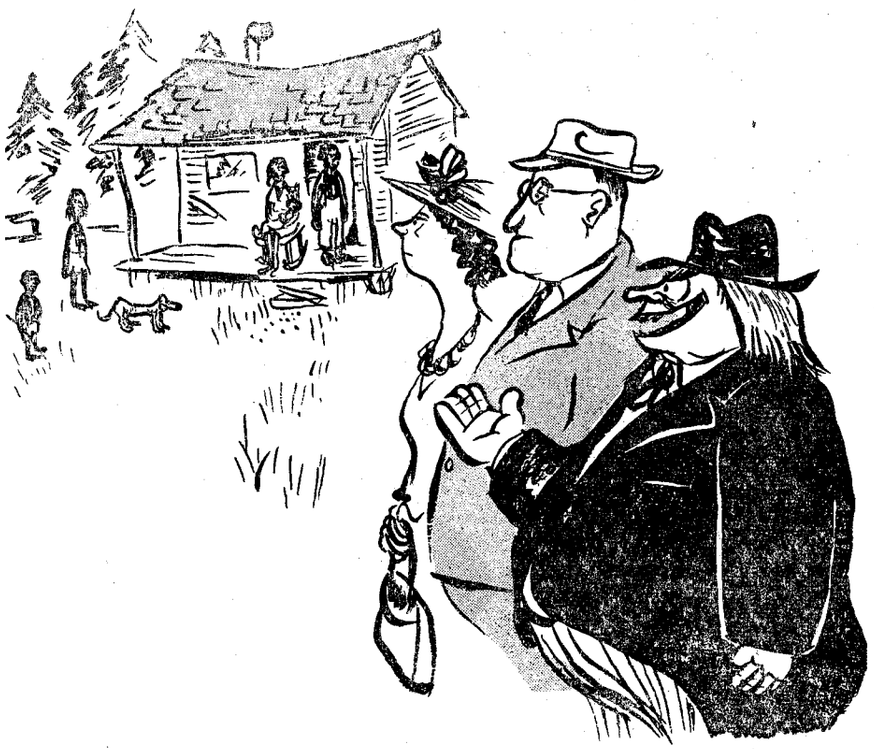
THE fostering of anti-Negro prejudice by the radio networks operates both in positive and in negative ways. Some of it is done by acquiescence, some by direct censorship. Each network, as indeed each individual station, maintains a censor who is usually known by some such mellifluous title as "continuity acceptance director" or "commercial editor." The nominal function of these censors is to keep profanity or libelous matter off the air. But actually, as representatives of their bosses' viewpoints, they wield wide and almost absolute powers in determining what shall or shall not be broadcast. In line with the requirements of public policy they could, if they so desired, bar all vicious misrepresentations of the Negro people such as the boozing and gambling Rochester, the moronic Amos and Andy, the "Mammy"-type Beulah, and the endless procession of Uncle Toms and Topsys that libel the Negro people on programs both light and serious. They could, but they do not—for these noisome stereotypes are dear to the hearts of their big-business sponsors who have been purveying them to their customers for years. And it is the big-business sponsors, of course, who pile up the profits for the station and network proprietors.

The broadcasting companies are not unaware, at least in theory, of their obligation in the public interest to avoid dishing out such trouble-breeding "entertainment." CBS, for example, has published magazine ads calling attention with glowing self-approval to its manual of instructions to writers, wherein radio's solemn duty to eschew malicious racial slurs is set forth in high-sounding terms. Nevertheless CBS has continued to broadcast such anti-Negro libels as the Beulah show, a colored "comic" on the Jack Carson show, and many others. The other networks continue along the same course with less sanctimonious pretense, but with equal or even greater regularity.

Conversely, any attempt to present in a positive way the contributions of the American Negro or a plea for Negro-white unity is subject to the ready strokes of the censor's blue pencil. Here not only the personal prejudices and the market-wise weather eye of the sponsor are a determining factor, but also the network owners' solicitude for the anti-Negro feelings of their affiliate stations in the South. Once in a blue moon the taboo is broken, at least on the non-Southern portions of the networks. But for every watered-down biography of George Washington Carver or Dorie Miller that is presented on the air, at least a hundred attempts to deal frankly with the problems or achievements of the Negro people are barred. Even the broadcast of William N. Robson's famous "Open Letter" dealing with the Detroit anti-Negro riots of 1943, to which CBS points with pride when no Southern station manager is within earshot—even this apparently courageous broadcast was done only after great quakings and misgivings, and after a preview performance had been piped to executives of affiliate stations to give them ample warning of its contents and a chance to reject it. Many of them did—and there has since been no broadcast one-half so outspoken on Negro-white relations either on CBS or any other network. Nor is there likely to be so long as radio continues to be dominated by the profit motive.

AT THE same time that the "Open Letter" incident took place, NBC experienced similar heart-flutterings over a broadcast on the same subject which was literally thrust upon it. Purely by coincidence, a program on unity between Negro and white war workers had been prepared for the CIO series "Labor for Victory" which NBC was carrying in rotation with CBS and the Blue Network. (This as a result of labor's insistent demands that its voice be heard against the constant barrage of big-business-sponsored propaganda.) This CIO-NBC program, written before the riots occurred and making no direct reference to them, was scheduled for broadcast on the Sunday that followed them. It was to be a star production, with Paul Robeson heading the cast and Kenneth Spencer singing songs by Langston

Sen. Rankest Says:



"They're happy—what do they need the CIO for?"

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Hughes and Earl Robinson. Nevertheless, after the Detroit riots, NBC executives hinted broadly to the CIO that a program on Negro-white unity would be inopportune! They evidently hated to acknowledge the mere concept of Negroes and white working together. When the CIO stood firmly on the network's agreement to broadcast its programs as written, NBC gave its affiliate stations an advance "closed-circuit" warning of the show's contents. Here, again, many stations heeded the warning and banned the dread subject of racial unity from their frequencies.

On the other hand, problems affecting the Negro can find ready avenues of discussion on the air when handled by the "right" people. Recently WOR-Mutual broadcast an interview with the ineffable Bilbo in which he discussed the FEPC. During the interview Bilbo repeatedly uttered his favorite anti-Negro epithet—an infraction of sheer decency which, if committed against any other group, would have caused him to be cut off the air immediately. But Mutual cheerfully allowed him to drool his venom to the end of the allotted time.

So runs the pattern in network broadcasting generally, and with virtually all of the individual stations. The two or three (notably WMCA in New York) which do justice to the rights of Negroes highlight all the more the anti-social practices of the remaining 850-odd.

IN ITS employment practices American radio follows the same Jim Crow line as in its broadcasting. Negroes are employed only in menial jobs. There are no Negro white-collar workers, no Negro technicians, no full-time Negro writers, no Negro directors or producers. Nor is this from any lack of available skilled Negroes in the field. One highly talented Negro producer, Chick Dodson, was employed by the OWI during the war and acquitted himself with great credit. But his efforts to find similar employment in commercial radio have failed.

A few Negro actors are able to make a living in radio, but strictly on a Jim Crow basis. That is, they are hired only for Negro roles, although many Negro actors are equally adaptable for white roles on the air. The barriers are up, and no one cares or dares to break them.

The Jim Crow fetish is also applied almost uniformly to musicians in radio. With few exceptions, radio orchestras and bands are either all white or all Negro. Sponsors shrink with horror from the thought of featuring a Negro soloist, however celebrated, with a white band—for what would the potential buyers of soap flakes or toothpaste in Jim Crow areas think about that? The agencies which "package" the shows hew to the line of segregation, and the network bosses placidly or actively go along. Now and then an intelligent network producer has sought to break down the barrier. But Jim Crowism is the norm in radio music.

The power of the broadcast word is incalculable. Radio has swayed elections, engendered panics, and conditioned the temper of the people in more than one national crisis. Radio, if it cared to disseminate the simple scientific truth about the physical, mental and spiritual character of the Negro people, could go far toward washing away the prejudices accumulated through generations. And in doing so it would be doing no more than its minimum duty to operate in the public interest. But radio has other fish to fry —the malodorous catch of corporate profits at the expense of human welfare. It is not interested in telling the truths that explode mischievous superstitions, but rather in pandering to the lowest common denominator of ignorance and prejudice—for therein lies the ready road to big profits.

In 1925 an American cabinet officer had this to say about the function of broadcasting:

"The ether is a public medium, and its use must be for public benefit. The use of radio channels is justified only if there is public benefit. The dominant element for consideration in the radio field is, and always will be, the great body of the listening public, millions in number, countrywide in distribution."

Ironically enough, the man who uttered those words was Herbert Hoover, then Secretary of Commerce. He uttered them at a time when the profit potential of radio was not even a dim vista on the farthest horizon. The broadcasting moguls of today certainly have a far different idea. At the end of 1944, J. Harold Ryan, then president of the National Association of Broadcasters, said in predicting a bigger and better 1945 for radio:

"This has been a great year for radio and 1945 will be a better [illegible] judging by the prospects. One must consider balance sheets to measure the progress of radio. For balance sheets represent an index to the medium's effectiveness."

Even more blunt is the statement attributed to "the president of one of our major networks" by Commissioner Clifton J. Durr of the Federal Communications Commission, in an article by Durr in the July, 1945, issue of *Consumer Reports*:

"We are selling time," said the network president, "for one specific reason, and that is to sell goods, manufactured by American manufacturers, to the public."

This, then, is the concept of broadcasting held by its American bosses—who control it, let us never forget, upon sufferance of the American people, and who use it for personal profit upon no mandate but that of their own greed. But fortunately the people have a recourse from this misuse of their property, if only they will see it and avail themselves of it. That recourse is their own protests—loud, vehement and frequent. For radio, with its ear constantly to the ground, is more sensitive to public protest than any other medium of public communication. The most casual letter from the humblest potential customer is read and attended by executives both high and low. Letters and resolutions by individuals and organizations, calling radio to account for its crimes against the Negro people and its other violations of the public good, will get results if they are sufficiently numerous and sufficiently strong.

●

A mass meeting to abolish the Wood-Rankin Committee will be held at Manhattan Center on Thursday, May 23. Sponsored by Veterans Against Discrimination, the rally will be chaired by Ex-S/Sgt. Millard Lampell, author of "The Long Way Home," co-author of the ballad in "Walk in the Sun." Speakers will include Dr. Edward K. Barsky, national chairman of the Joint Anti-fascist Refugee Committee, who was cited for contempt by the House at the instance of the Un-American Committee; Howard Fast; Rep. Adam C. Powell, and Stanley Moss, who was "investigated" as a member of the Moss and Arnold advertising agency which placed the full-page ad in the "Times" for the Citizens United to Abolish the Wood-Rankin Committee.

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LIGHT ON PALESTINE

What are the aims of Anglo-American imperialism in the Middle East? An analysis of the findings of the US-British Committee of Inquiry.

By MOSES MILLER

COLONIAL countries have been endlessly "blessed" with commissions of inquiry. Whenever England, for example, reached a critical point in its Empire relations the Foreign Office shipped off a group of investigators to dig for facts which they had in the first place and to come to conclusions which they had reached before they left the country. The procedure has always been a sham but it has given the colonial masters a breathing spell—a way of riding out the storm. Palestine has been host to several such commissions—in 1921, in 1929 and in 1937.

Now the new Palestine commission has finished its work. But it was a commission of a "new" type. This time the British had Americans join them, for it is obvious that Britain no longer feels confident about keeping the Empire together by itself. American imperialism was quite ready to cooperate in a venture which would help establish its authority in an area of the world it has coveted for years.

But to understand the Palestinian scene more fully it will be necessary to familiarize ourselves with the conflicts and intrigues that pervade the Middle East. In brief they run as follows: Towering above all is the fact that the antagonism between British imperialism and the colonial peoples has become more intense than ever. Britain's rule is threatened by the rising demand for freedom. Small wonder then that Britain is attempting to control the Arab League by throwing its weight behind the reactionary and feudal figures in it. It also explains the sudden termination of the British mandate over Trans-Jordan, where under the guise of granting independence Britain has actually strengthened its position. Under the terms of the new treaty, one of the most scandalous in diplomatic history, Britain can hold on to its bases and is given facilities for maintaining and training British troops.

Light is cast on British policy in the Middle East by a dispatch in the New York *Times* of April 22 which states that "Palestine will become the main land base at the eastern end of the Mediterranean and British military men will insist that it be kept under British control."

Portrait of a fellow-inmate at Buchenwald, drawn by Boris Taslitzky, Parisian artist, in January, 1945.

The antagonisms between British and American imperialism have also sharpened. Its economic might enormously enhanced by the war, the United States is trying to muscle its way into oil fields, markets and bases that the British have regarded as their

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rightful domain. The Anglo-American oil agreement is but one example of how Britain is being forced to make concessions to American big capital. At the same time the two imperialisms are joined by the need to build a common reactionary front against the Soviet Union, against the new people's democracies of eastern Europe, against the colonial and semi-colonial peoples of Asia, the Middle East, Africa and Latin America. Thus the interplay of conflict and collaboration is the matrix in which Anglo-American relations are developing in the Middle East.

Were the United States and Britain truly desirous of aiding the people of Palestine to achieve self-rule and independence, they would have submitted the issue to the UN, of which they happen to be rather influential members. They would not have undertaken action which was in direct violation of the Charter which they had helped shape at San Francisco. Meier Vilner, testifying before the Anglo-American Committee of Inquiry on behalf of the Communist Party of Palestine, stated quite bluntly:

"The alien power has succeeded in creating the following paradoxical situation: a commission appointed by the British government in cooperation with the United States is to judge between Jews and Arabs, whereas the Security Council of the UN, in active cooperation with the parties directly interested, i.e., the Jews and Arabs, ought to judge the policy of the British government in Palestine."

The fact that both the UN and the Soviet Union were ignored indicated a desire to reach decisions that would serve the interests of Anglo-American imperialism and frustrate the aspirations of both the Jewish and Arab masses. The committee's recommendations are now public. A careful reading of the document reveals the following facts:

1. The report states without equivocation that neither Jew nor Arab should receive national rights and independence.

2. Responsibility for the evils that exist are placed on the Jews and Arabs and not upon British imperialism.

3. The report seeks to strengthen imperialist rule and to involve the United States as partner in oppression.

4. Though the report talks of an eventual trusteeship for Palestine under the United Nations, it hastens to point out that Palestine is a Holy Land of three world religions and cannot therefore be judged on the ordinary basis of the right of national self-determination.

5. The report talks glibly of the necessity of improving the welfare of the Arab masses. It calls for "a deliberate and carefully planned policy on the part of the mandatory" (that is, Britain) to raise the Arab standard of living. At best this is a pious hope. I doubt whether the committee members themselves intended anyone to believe that the imperialist masters of India, Burma, Egypt, etc. would spend any significant portion of their super-profits on the "natives" of Palestine.

6. The report recommends that 100,000 Jews be allowed to enter Palestine as quickly as possible.

It is this last point which has won praise for the committee even in circles which are critical of other parts of the report. I believe it is a mistake to view this document in terms of good and bad points. The report must be seen as an integral whole. It is a program for Palestine, and as such it is reactionary and pro-imperialist. In this context the proposal to admit 100,000 Jews is merely bait to lure Jews and non-Jews throughout the world into supporting a program designed to do anything but aid the Jewish victims of fascism and imperialism. Prime Minister Attlee's statement that the British government would not consider admitting 100,000 Jews unless the United States sends troops to help disarm the Jews and Arabs and police the country makes clear that Britain has no intention of carrying out this proposal. It reveals the danger that this issue will be used to impose an Anglo-American military dictatorship on Palestine.

The Anglo-American report must in my opinion be condemned and rejected in its entirety. There is no hope for either Jews or Arabs in linking their fate with imperialism.

There are some who argue that the American government is quite sincere in its desire to aid the Jews of Europe, but that the British are blocking a solution. The report speaks in compassionate tones of the suffering of the Jewish victims of fascism and declares that everything must be done to help them. There is, however, not a word about the necessity of rooting out Nazism and fascism, which is basic to the future and security of the Jewish people. Not a word is said about the fact that American authorities, by placing Germans in charge of displaced persons' camps in Germany, are responsible for the abuse and even murder of Jews in these camps. Are we to believe that the American government is genuinely concerned with the fate of the European Jews when a year after V-E Day the concentration camps which the Nazis erected still contain thousands of Jews whose treatment is not much better than under Hitler? Are we to rely on imperialism, which perpetuates conditions of anti-Jewish persecution in Europe, to aid the Jews in Palestine?

The problem of aiding the Jewish victims of Nazism remains. A real program would include the following:

1. The starting point must be the struggle to uproot fascism and strengthen democracy. This requires the effective implementing of the Yalta and Potsdam agreements and the return by the American and British governments to a policy of Big Three collaboration.

2. We must recognize that a majority of the Jews of Europe will remain there and rebuild their lives there. Contrary to much of the prevailing propaganda, the democratic leaders of the Jewish communities of Europe have indicated that with the establishment of new people's democracies and with the consistent efforts these governments are making to stamp out anti-Semitism, the conditions are being created for a peaceful life for the Jewish people. Anti-Semitism still is rife in many parts of these countries, but the vigorous efforts to wipe it out are yielding results that augur well for the future.

For those Jews who feel they can no longer live in those countries a coordinated program of emigration should be worked out. For them the doors of all countries, including Palestine, must be opened.

3. The displaced persons camps should be immediately dissolved. Proper housing should be provided for these refugees even if it means taking over homes from the German population. The fate of the displaced persons should no longer be left in the hands of the American and British authorities. They should be immediately placed under the supervision of the UN Refugee Commission and given proper food and medical attention. Under the direction of the UN steps should be taken to facilitate their entry into the countries where they seek to go. We

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in America should demand that our government open its doors to those who wish to come here.

4. Palestine is today an armed camp, a country under colonial rule. Neither Jew nor Arab is permitted democratic representation in the government of the country. A just solution of the Palestine problem can only be achieved by the abrogation of the mandate and the immediate establishment of a trusteeship under the UN. Such a trusteeship must undertake to prepare the way for a free and democratic Palestine in which the national rights of both Jews and Arabs will be guaranteed. Palestine, rid of imperialist rule, will be a land in which full Arab-Jewish unity will flourish and find expression in a bi-national state as well as in all other aspects of the country's life. This unity, however, will be achieved only if both Jews and Arabs abandon reliance on imperialism and develop joint struggles to solve their problems.

5. Those victims of Nazi oppression who wish to go to Palestine should be allowed to do so. It is clear that imperialism will not aid them. When it does permit a few Jews to trickle through, it uses this as a basis for aggravating the antagonisms in the country.

There is another fact that must be kept in mind. Jews are being killed in Palestine today not by Nazis, but by British soldiers. It is a travesty to call for immigration without assuring that such immigration does not catapult persecuted Jews from the Nazi frying pan into the British fire.

The British have used the question of immigration as one of the principal devices in their divide and rule policy. Progressives must not allow imperialism to get away with this inhuman exploitation of Jewish suffering. The question of immigration, like all the other problems which confront the Jewish people, needs to be dealt with as an integral part of the anti-imperialist struggle. In the course of the joint struggle for a free and democratic Palestine the conditions which nurture Arab fear of Jewish immigration would cease to exist.

A program such as is here outlined can unite the Jewish masses and non-Jewish workers and other progressives throughout the world. Within Palestine itself there are forces among both Jews and Arabs, particularly in the labor movement, that are moving in this direction.

THIS IS OUR PLAY

As THIS issue goes to press there is a play on Broadway fighting for its life. *On Whitman Avenue*, at the Cort Theater, is more than just our kind of play. It was born out of our struggle for human decency; it bears the mark of our thoughts, our wounds, our tears. It has the look and voice of our will. It affirms our acceptance of the conditions of battle, and it carries, like seeds within it, our assurance of victory. *This is our play.*

It is a play about white and Negro people and most of the critics do not like it. Mr. Kronenberger of *PM* thinks the incidents melodramatic and observes ironically that the actors struggle, "a few of them rather violently." Mr. Barnes of the *Tribune* talks of the Negro war veteran's family as his "clan." He finds the scenes repetitious. Lewis Nichols objects that playwright Maxine Wood's "portraits of the white neighbors are so unflattering as to detract from the honesty of purpose." All this sounds like the complaint of an unemployed Rumanian diplomat who was asked what disturbed him about Soviet diplomacy. "It is *so* realistic!" he cried.

For once the critics were forced to look life in the face, and asked to live it. They had to stare at the bare body with its sores, and they were not allowed to close their eyes with a sensitive and noble gesture. This time there was no hiding place, not in kindness, nor sympathy, nor charity. There were no "interesting" psychological problems to explore and chatter about.

They were simply told that it was not enough to feel the "pity of it." They too would have to act. For in this capitalist jungle the hunted have no choice but to turn on their tormentors. This was the truth that troubled them. So they turned to a discussion of "style." Safe ground.

As I left the theater I watched the crowd swarming out of *Harvey*, a play about a rabbit. It was attracted to this cute fantasy by the rave notices of our New York drama reviewers. When *On Whitman Avenue* was shown out of town, people wept openly at its climactic moments. Many did here too, though it is not a sentimental play and New Yorkers don't cry easily. But the fastidious critics shut their ears to the verdict of people who are closer to reality than hearsay. They prefer fairy tales about animals that talk.

I urge you to see *On Whitman Avenue*, a drama which is worthy of better critics and which helps restore dignity to the American theater.

CHARLES HUMBOLDT.

There will be a full review of "On Whitman Avenue" in our next issue.

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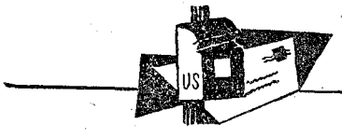

Our Music Critic

To New Masses: Hats off to the "new" New Masses and especially to the brilliant new music critic, S. Finkelstein, whose article I read with whoops and hollers of joy. For some reason, music, although most potent and widespread in its influence on the millions, has suffered from an almost complete lack of social criticism—and this goes for the progressive as well as the commercial press. That is why Finkelstein's sharp and penetrating analysis of the great and misunderstood Charles Ives is so refreshing. Like all other artists, Ives reflected the social currents of his time in the spirit, content and technique of his music—and Finkelstein gives us for the first time anywhere a clear interpretation of this composer's social roots, his conflict with the "culture" of his time, the effect of his isolation on his music, and finally, his contribution to American music.

This article is not only a superb piece of criticism and analysis, but it sets an example for all progressive social music criticism to aim at. For not only is Finkelstein's piece well-written (and in a field characterized by turgid, mystical, inflated and super-esthetic writing this is indeed rare) but more than this it achieves a correlation of Ives' technique and style with his social background and environment. Social understanding can be a powerful force in music, as well as all fields of culture and life. Let's have more or it, and *please* many, many more articles on all phases of music by Mr. Finkelstein.

Brooklyn. Elie Siegmeister.

Only One Solution

To New Masses: The fact that the conversion of our economic system to a war production basis achieved the elimination of unemployment and industrial stagnation has given rise to a number of fallacious economic theories which purport to have found the solution for the ills of capitalism. One such of these is the "managerial theory" which contends that there is nothing inherently wrong with capitalism that clever management and control cannot set right. This theory, to which the Browderites and the "political economists" of Social Democracy both subscribe, is based upon the all-too-simple logic that if capitalism can achieve full employment at reasonable wages during the critical period of war, then there is lacking any reason why the same objective cannot be realized during peace.

This totally erroneous theory is based upon a failure to understand why a program of armaments production can achieve full employment and eliminate crises. Now the main problem of capitalism during peacetime is the realization or sale of the commodities that have been produced. This arises because the low purchasing power of the masses of the producers renders the market inadequate to absorb the vast flood of products. This inability of capitalism to equate consuming power with productive power is the basic reason why markets become glutted, why coffee, wheat, oranges, etc., are destroyed while millions subsist on a malnutritional standard. In contrast, during wartime, this problem of securing an adequate market does not exist. Armaments are a peculiar form of capital goods, the demand for which is not determined by consumers' purchasing power but by the insatiable market of Mars wherein prices are formed on a "cost-plus" basis, thereby ensuring an inordinate profit for the monopoly interests. Thus production is not determined by effective consumers' demand finding expression in the normal peace-time way on the market but by the government which appears on the market with unlimited purchasing power at its disposal. It is this failure on the part of the managerial theorists to understand that market relationships do not govern production during wartime that leads them to offer their assorted panaceas clothed in an attractive but spurious economic logic.

Is it possible to raise the purchasing power of the mass of the consumers to that level whereat it would be possible to dispose of the total product of industry and thus avoid a crisis of glutted markets? This can be answered in the affirmative—provided that the solution is applied outside the capitalist system. For within the capitalist system such a solution is impossible of application; for the raising of purchasing power, the necessary mass increase in wages, would be vigorously resisted by the capitalist class as detrimental to the mass yield and rate of profit. Consider this a little differently: Total purchasing power is composed of two integrants, profits and wages. The transformation of this total purchasing power into "effective" demand could only be done by raising wages to a level commensurate with total productive capacity, but to do so would make such inroads on profits as to virtually eliminate them entirely. With the elimination of profits goes the elimination of capitalism—ergo the introduction of a socialist economy.

Such is the problem of capitalism which as a consequence admits of only one solution—socialism. Obviously, therefore, the ills of capitalism are curable only by the grave.

A. D. Lakeman.

Toronto.

From Moses Soyer

To New Masses: I would like to congratulate NM on its last issue. It is a great improvement over the old issues both from the point of content and looks. I am especially gratified over the choice of Charles Keller as art editor. Because of his experience I am sure that he will do a swell job.

I hope that the new improved NM will continue to wield an ever greater influence among the writers and artists in this country.

Moses Soyer.

New York.

Viva Humboldt!

To New Masses: I have just read "Viva il Primo Maggio!" by Charles Humboldt (NM, April 30) and it was so beautifully done that I wish to offer a token in thanks. I herewith enclose one dollar.

Incidentally, to boost the NM treasury total may I suggest that these tokens might be suggested through your column to all readers as a way of saying thank you? I think the changes in contemplation, and in effect, are fine. Good luck!

New York. E. T. R.

Personal Problem

To New Masses: I would like to request an article in a coming issue of NM clarifying the policies of France in occupied Germany, which according to the reliable *Germany Today* are almost as reactionary as those of Britain. No matter from what view one attempts to decipher this policy it makes no sense. Geographically, no country has more to fear from a reactionary Germany than has France, even if the MRP were running the government to the exclusion of the Communist Party. And especially in view of France's recent strong stand against Franco—where's any rhyme or reason?

Though you are not my paid guide and counselor I know no one who might better answer a personal question. Do you think it proper for a person to major in journalism who has reason to believe he's better adapted to the sciences, merely because he is aware of the urgent need of writers who are strongly anti-fascist? Perhaps one reason I'm in need of an answer is because, being a new civilian (just out of the Army), the strength of fascism in this country is all too clear to me. I would deeply appreciate an answer.

A. B.

Denver.

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view and comment

POLITICS OF THE SOVIET UNION

Prof. Schuman surveys the foreign and domestic policies of the USSR during its first 28 years.

By CORLISS LAMONT

SOVIET POLITICS AT HOME AND ABROAD, *by Frederick L. Schuman. Knopf. $4.*

With political madmen strutting about in the robes of elder statesmen and trying to push mankind into the suicide of World War III—the Great Atomic War—by conjuring up false and inflammatory issues between the Soviet Union and the Anglo-Saxon peoples, it is well for us to give some attention to recent history and see what the record shows. That record clearly demonstrates that from 1917 right up to the present there has been a consistency and continuity in the interrelationships between socialist Soviet Russia and the rest of the world.

On the one hand, the USSR has striven tirelessly for peace, normal international trade and the self-determination of peoples. On the other hand, either the entire capitalist world or aggressive blocs within it have plotted or waged war against the Soviet Republic, have prevented or disrupted good business relations with it, and have sought to perpetuate the subjection of the colonial and semi-colonial peoples. The obvious lesson for this critical time is that the general trends of history do not reverse themselves in a day.

In his new volume Prof. Frederick Schuman does an able job of surveying Soviet foreign policy over its first twenty-eight years and of analyzing its constant interaction with developments in Soviet domestic affairs. This is top-flight historical writing, well-organized, readable, and ever interpreting the part in terms of the whole. Here is a sourcebook of contemporary history that gives the reader considerable insight into the past and a good leverage for understanding the present.

In telling the story of "The Great Betrayal" that led to the Second World War, Schuman is perfectly clear that "responsibility for the breakdown of collective security rests on the Western democracies, not on the Soviet Union." He blasts the theory that the Nazi-Soviet Non-Aggression Pact unleashed the fascist monster, by demonstrating that Hitler, as the Ciano diaries reveal, had earlier decided on the invasion of Poland. And he brings out the little-known fact that Prime Minister Chamberlain of England began to stiffen in his attitude toward Nazi aggrandizement only after Hitler let Hungary annex the Carpatho-Ukraine, which seemed to mean that Germany was casting aside its spearpoint of attack against the USSR.

While not absolving Soviet diplomacy of all blame for the hostile attitude of the Western democracies toward the USSR, Schuman makes plain that the appeasement of fascism was primarily due to hatred of the Soviet economic system by the propertied classes in the Atlantic nations and their hope that the Axis would put a violent end to socialism. Today this same old fear of a socialist system based on the abolition of human exploitation haunts the powers-that-be of Atlantica. And the unavoidable implication of Schuman's analysis is that the blinder and more reactionary circles of international capitalism will seek once more to destroy Soviet socialism through an armed crusade and so erase the far too successful example it is setting for the other peoples of the earth.

While Prof. Schuman's stress is on the foreign policy and relationships of the Soviet Union, he devotes considerable space to internal affairs. Here he gives excellent surveys of Soviet industrial and agricultural progress; clears up the widespread confusion over the fact, fully consistent with Marxism, of unequal incomes in the present socialist stage of Soviet evolution; and explains the complex functioning of Soviet democracy and of the national federalism that has been able to unite as friendly equals the many different peoples of the USSR. It is typical of the author's treatment that he closely links the Moscow treason trials with the approaching world war and shows throughout how a great deal of the violence and dictatorial methods inside Soviet Russia have been the result of hostile pressures and plots from the outside.

Schuman's expert touch, however, falters badly here and there in his discussion of Soviet domestic problems and Marxist theory. The Soviet intelligentsia is of course important, but Schuman exaggerates its role when he says that it is the new ruling group in the USSR. And we must question his claim that the proletariat has all but disappeared in the chief capitalist powers and that "the sickness of mature capitalism" is rather the insecurity of the lower middle class than the poverty of the proletariat. Likewise Schuman's description of Marxism as another religion, complete with Gospel and Prophet, Disciples and Saints, Faithful and Heretics, Utopia and Destiny, is trite, superficial and untrue.

In the concluding chapters Dr. Schuman seems to me unduly pessimistic in his dismal prognostications concerning the United Nations and at the same time distinctly utopian in his belief that a World State, greatly limiting national sovereignty under an all-inclusive world government, should have been set up at the close of the war against fascism. He scorns the UN as "nothing more than a facsimile of the League of Nations." Yet he admits that the breakdown of the League was in considerable measure due to the fact that America and Soviet Russia were never responsible partners within it. Today, despite all our international crises, real and imagined, the United States and Soviet Russia are working together in the UN. This in itself is a portentous fact in the world scene and creates a situation in many ways more hopeful than that of 1918.

Schuman's confused approach to

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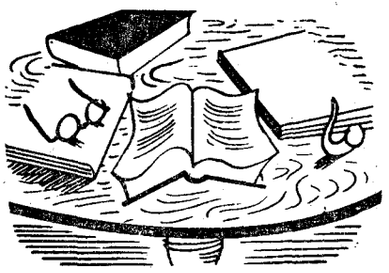

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postwar problems leads me to say that at times he seems to be trying to establish his objectivity by swaying back and forth like a tight-rope walker who is maintaining his balance only by a terrific waving of arms and legs, now to one side, now to the other. It is a precarious position at best. Yet, whatever disagreements I may have with the author, this carefully-documented volume constitutes a reasoned and scholarly accomplishment. While Schuman protests, and a bit too much, methinks, that this book "will be denounced with equal vigor by the professional vilifiers and hate-mongers," actually these 100 percent haters of the Soviet Union will lament a hundred times more over these pages than anyone else. For we have here the sort of sympathetically critical work that, despite its excessive length and other faults, evokes a genuine appreciation of the great Soviet achievement and makes a solid contribution to American understanding of our ally.

A Note on Dr. Lamont's Review

By John Stuart

DR. LAMONT, in my opinion, is much too kind in his judgment of Prof. Schuman's book. I cannot see how he evaluates it as "top-flight historical writing" in view of his criticism that the book falters badly, even if only "here and there." Dr. Lamont's own description of what he means by "here and there" involves matters, as he admits, of Marxist theory, Soviet domestic problems, and Schuman's claim that the proletariat in the capitalist states has all but disappeared. Nor to my mind can a work be judged top-flight when its approach to postwar problems is "confused" or when the historian "sways back and forth like a tight-rope walker."

I agree with Dr. Lamont that there is much to admire in Schuman's book. He is at his best and strongest when he is citing the facts or paraphrasing or quoting from Soviet leaders' speeches, reports and so forth. On the other hand, Prof. Schuman can write the most unmitigated nonsense. He has walked into the trap of eclecticism and he has done it with such joy that even the acceptable features of the book are blurred by the bias which ruled his pen. Schuman's animus towards Marxism, his opportunism, add fuel to raging fires. To be sure the book has already been attacked by the enemies of the USSR. These reviewers cannot tolerate even a single favorable fact. But I am also certain that they will make capital of Schuman's volume because they can say that even this "sympathetic" student of the USSR warns in effect against Communism and Communists.

In his approach to the Soviet Union, Schuman is largely diplomatic. For all his effort he cannot get at the source of the Russian Revolution. He cannot or will not see the clash of opposing classes within the production relations of Czarist society or how these opposites are in ceaseless conflict everywhere. He tacitly expounds a whole theory of Russian exceptionalism: *i.e.*, the Revolution was possible because of the almost non-existence of a Russian middle class. Moreover, Schuman probes the beginnings of Soviet society from the point of view of the middle-class origins of the individuals who helped found it and his logic takes him a step farther toward a one-sided, subjective explanation of the development of the Bolshevik Party, Lenin's and Stalin's leadership, Trotsky's treachery, and a range of phenomena integral to the development of the Soviet power.

Schuman's forte is Freud — or, equating Freud with Schumanized Marx. The "id," the "ego" and the "super-ego" clash with materialism and Soviet society emerges not as the product of objective, dialectically developing historical forces but as the outcome of the revolt against the father-image. "Young men," Schuman writes, "who have become atheists and professional challengers of the *status quo* have displaced their private father-hatred onto public objects." And further in explanation of Trotsky's corruption: "Repressed insecurities and contradictions drove Trotsky to seek domination, to resent rivals, and at the same time to turn against whatever might have led him to his goal. In his response to Lenin as a father-image, love predominated over hatred in the later years of their relationship. In his re-

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sponse to Stalin, emerging as a new father-image, hatred predominated over love."

What rubbish! The ultimate absurdity of this theory, if applied to present-day developments, would be the establishment of an international clinic to psychoanalyze war-mongers, Trotskyites, fascists. A protracted period on a couch under the care of super-psychiatrists would rid the world of its dissenters, liberate it from militant trade union leaders, or those who challenge capitalism. There would be no need for the UN. Nuremberg trials could be stopped while Goering and Hess and the other Nazis submit to a reassessment of their sex lives and a correction of their distorted father-images.

My point about Schuman's book is that while sections of it are undeniably valuable, it introduces so many new prejudices peculiar to the psychopathology school of politics and the Machiavellian outlook on world affairs that whatever is effective in it is either cancelled out or diluted. Its crowning achievement is cynicism wrapped in egotistical calculation. If Prof. Schuman hopes thereby to keep his academic robes unsoiled, he is merely perpetuating self-illusion. Mr. Rankin will love him no more than Mr. Dies did a few years ago.

Struggle for Survival

THE STREET, *by Ann Petry. Houghton Mifflin.* $2.50.

SET in the context of New York's Harlem, and revolving around a desperate struggle for survival by a good-looking young Negro mother and her young son, Ann Petry's novel, *The Street*, is immediately deep in a major theme. The gallery of characters — the evil constellation with whom Lutie Johnson's life becomes involved—include an orchestra leader who had once worked as a Pullman porter; a white night club owner who operates brothels and real estate on the side; a tenement superintendent who has lived for a long time by himself in damp, dark cellars, and a madam whose apartment is a brothel.

It is in Ann Petry's conception of her characters that we are confronted with some of the paradoxical aspects of Negro life in the United States. The paradoxes are many and far too complex to be more than hinted at in this review. As a general thing it can be said that Negro life, while challenging the intelligence and humanity of the Negro people to *change* it, can at the same time alter the challenge into a compulsion to *escape* from it. And sometimes, in stories of Negro life, escape and change resemble each other.

These conflicting trends are currents within the main stream of Negro life and struggle which has developed, especially during the last two decades, into a forceful and cohesive people's drive for democratic advancement and equality.

Most of the people in Ann Petry's story are scarred opportunists. But the attitude of the author reflects an opportunism of her own, which is indicated mainly in the characterization of Lutie Johnson. In this case, the word "opportunism" somewhat inadequately represents the complicated state of mind of some Negro writers, of whom Richard Wright is the outstanding example. It is far easier to observe opportunism in white writers. If we say of a writer "he is middle-class and he defends his class," we are speaking of a pattern that is clearly defined. But Negro life in the United States is not a simple and clear reflection of the class structure of white American life. Negro behavior seethes with the interaction of national and class drives, and it often enough will reflect either drive to the exclusion of the other. Sometimes there is a confusing interplay of both. To bring this general observation down to the specific issue of *The Street*, this seething interplay finds outlet time and again in confused reactions against whites; and, again, of equally confused reactions against Negroes.

The clearest picture of this in *The Street* is in the almost continuous horror and repulsion which Lutie feels about the super, who wants to go to bed with her. When he attempts to attack her in the hallway and drag her into the cellar he has generally fulfilled one of the fantastic stereotypes of Negroes that many whites believe. The fact that he is very black and that he is associated with cellars has hysterical connotations such as might be revealed in the tones of a Park Avenue matron. In Lutie's conception of the bandleader there is again another kind of mixed realization. The bandleader had once been a Pullman porter. The author is aware that the bitterness of the bandleader has been in part the result of a menial life aboard trains

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where he has attended to the belching self-satisfaction of people who keep calling for George. But he's a lecher nevertheless.

In other words, the overpowering impact of the story is of a lovely, innocent woman confronted by villains, in the two-dimensional effect of an early movie starring Lillian Gish. The author has set up only sketchy outlines of human beings in her characters, and *they* are the enemy. It is not that she is unaware of the complexities that surround her characters: there is insight, as in the particular case of the bandleader; and there are perceptions of emotional dilemma that are striking. But these perceptions and insights do not inhere in the characterizations. They are merely gathered around the thinly drawn characters, who express their lives superficially. When, in the end, Lutie kills the bandleader, the effect is more that of arrangement than of inevitability. The inevitability is clouded by the arrangement.

All this is not to say that Ann Petry should necessarily have indicated a way out. Within the structure of her own story, down to the culminating action of the killing of the bandleader, the truth was possible. But for this truth it would have been necessary to make Lutie Johnson's compulsion to escape The Street, and her own hatred of the tragically malformed personalities around her, integral elements of her story. Lutie too is as representative of the crippling power of the social forces as are the more obviously opportunistic characters around her. Within the common web of desperate striving, Lutie's drives were as blindly bent on escape as the rest. For that very reason it was necessary for the author to have risen to a level of understanding on which she could have written with an objective passion and insight. On this level, *The Street* would have been tragedy, but this level is not achieved.

ALFRED GOLDSMITH.

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ering from a mental illness. As he recounts the events of the past months, the factual happenings merge with his grotesque and diseased fantasies, along with throwbacks to bitter and haunting memories of his backlands childhood. Thus the novel moves on three different planes, which the reader must disentangle for himself.

Such a technique, like that of the "stream of consciousness," gains validity not so much from its actual psychological correctness as from the role it fills as an artistic device. In other words, far more important than our recognition that thoughts can follow each other as the author describes them is the question of what ideas the author reveals in those thoughts, and what realms of experience he includes. In this respect the author is brilliantly successful. Through this technique, he packs into a comparatively short work the essential detail of a broad narrative of Brazilian life.

We see the central character as a man of thirty-five, holding a badly paid post in the government, and contributing dishonest reviews and literary tidbits to the newspapers. At the same time we get a picture of him as a child on a small plantation, sensitive to the cruelty of backwoods life and repressed by a domineering father. We see the intervening years spent in ambitious attempts to write poetry and stories, until poverty and beggary beat out of him all honesty and feeling for art. The consciousness of his defeat merges with a hatred of those who move about him with power and assurance, until, inflamed by the loss of his fiancee, he murders the man who has seduced her. It is necessary for the reader to piece these pictures together. The book does not, however, employ a surrealist technique, as some reviewers claim. There are no secrets held back by the author, no mysterious symbols and appeals to intuition. The story is all there.

And just as the novel moves on the three planes of the present, the past and the imaginary, so the author's insights cover three planes: the facts of the story, the inner psychological conflicts, and the outer social drives. We see how the germ of the murder was planted in childhood days, so that the killing restores the feeling of manhood to the protagonist's diseased mind. "A vast happiness filled me . . . all the dwellers of the city were insignificant puppets. They had deceived me. For

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thirty-five years they had convinced me that I could not stir an inch except by the will of others." But the repressions came not only from childhood. As he begins to struggle for his art, his domineering father merges with the broader picture of a domineering, heartless society, so that he begins to hate "money and property," and sees himself as "an insignificant creature, a social bug, shrinking back fearfully to avoid being squashed by those who come and go." And his conscience never lets him forget that he has sold himself, has surrendered. "I yawn and amuse myself by writing a cowardly, mediocre article. I know perfectly well that I am committing a felony, something immoral."

The picture of the Brazilian workers does not enter here, nor any but passing mention of the forces for progress in the country. It is a portrayal of the destruction of a sensitive mind through a series of compromises with honesty, partly forced on him by a society which demanded them as the price of existence, partly accepted through weakness. As such it is a distinguished novel that not only offers an insight into the state of affairs in the author's homeland, but has important implications wherever ideas and talent are bought and sold as commodities. The translation, by L. C. Kaplan, reads like an excellent job.

S. FINKELSTEIN.

English Quickie

THE OTHER SIDE, *by Storm Jameson. Macmillan.* $1.75.

THERE is apt to be a certain literacy about English novels that beguiles the reader into thinking something is being said. When, in addition, there is a basically interesting situation, one frequently gets a good way into the book before discovering it is founded on restrained sentimentality and British bourgeois myths instead of on observation and understanding of people.

Both the literacy and the situation are present in *The Other Side*. Some French occupation troops, accompanied by an English captain, are quartered in the manor of an officer-caste German family, the von Leydes, which includes a French daughter-in-law, Marie. After an extremely sheltered adolescence, she had married the now dead Johann von Leyde while he was with the German occupation troops in France. The family has never entirely trusted her, although she has tried to be a good German, and with the coming of French troops they trust her even less. What with their perpetual suspicion, her brief hopeful love affair with the English captain and her dislike of bloodshed, she betrays a Werewolf plot to blow up a train, is rescued by the French officer who despises her most and is whisked back to France to help run a nursery for war orphans.

That in itself is a perfectly good story, if only the characters involved in it had any validity as people. But as written, Miss Jameson's characters appear only as facile personifications of the nations they represent, as they might be seen by a cartoonist for *Punch*. The von Leydes split up Germany among them: the greedy, tyrannous matriarch; the metaphysical male-chauvinist son-in-law who evolves profound philosophic reasons for war and murder; his dreamy, clumsy, hard-working wife; her practical *Hausfrau* sister. Captain Long, the Englishman, understates, smokes pipes, believes in comfortable shabbiness and is, according to Marie, honest, intelligent and kind. Marie represents the charming, adaptable, feminine—and by implication fickle—aspects of La Belle France itself. One of the French officers is the rational man, respecting the Germans as soldiers. The other, having had a Gestapo going-over, is simply embittered about everything and especially Germans because they have no "civilized" values.

Given such puppets, it is to be expected that their behavior and motives will be typed and shallow. Even Marie, when she is reconverted to being French, recants chiefly on the basis of pigeons and the Loire, rather than because of any understanding of fascism and what happened to France under the occupation. Indeed, Miss Jameson offers no proof that she ever heard of fascism, either. There is a good deal of philosophizing about a sort of enduring national madness that makes Germans scarcely human, but nothing about their deliberate corruption under Hitler. There is further discussion about the French feeling for "civilization," but nothing about the trusts who sold out the country.

And as a final contribution to our political misunderstanding, Miss Jameson has her Germans darkly threaten to join up with the Soviet Union, and then they'll show everybody!

SALLY ALFORD.

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sights and sounds

UNDERGROUND STRUGGLE

"Open City" revisited. A film of real people whose hate for fascism is a burning reality.

By JOSEPH FOSTER

WERE Hollywood making pictures worthy of mature intelligence, then *Open City* would be just one of a number of available first-rate pictures. As it is, it becomes increasingly important as an example of serious movie art. I have just seen it for the fourth time, and it gains with each revisit. It is a film about real people. That may be a platitude, but we can safely risk it, since our movie experience with characters composed of muscle and blood is rare almost to the vanishing point. The air of make-believe clings so confidently even to our so-called realistic pictures that mayhem or murder seldom elicit so much as a tear. In *Open City*, the underground struggle flows so naturally out of the ordinary lives of the characters that every setback is a blow at our own personal fortunes. Their hate for the fascists is no political duty but a living, tangible thing that grows from the torments of their invaded lives. The characters behave as their personal qualities indicate they should. This includes the priest, who is certainly no literal practitioner of Church politics.

Yet I have heard a persistent criticism that the film, in making much of the priest, creates the false notion that the Catholic Church played a serious part in the Resistance.

Such criticism strikes me as shallow. It may be that the priests of Italy were less in evidence in the anti-fascist fight than were those of France, or civil war Spain. (I am not forgetting, of course, the large numbers of priests that supported the fascists.) Yet in this film the priest, for all his prominence, is a less dominant figure than, say, the priest in *Last Chance*. In the latter film he used up less footage, but no one as a character topped him in nobility, importance or leadership.

In *Open City*, the emphasis is otherwise. The moral leaders are the people themselves, led by the Communist head of the Underground. The values of the film come from the struggle of this Underground, which the priest must fit into if he is to have any substance at all. All the lesser characters, even the self-professed followers of the Church, take their cue from the Resistance, not from the pastor. To clinch the point, the death of the priest is an anti-climax, dramatically and thematically, to the death of the political leader.

This criticism of the use of the priest grows even less valid on closer examination of his personality. To begin with, he is hardly typical. He is certainly no career man with his eye on the hierarchical ladder. As pastor in an impoverished neighborhood, he is constantly battling the restraints of clerical bigotry, constantly begging forgiveness for stepping beyond his priestly oaths. When his anti-fascist, or human, sympathies run counter to the inhibitions of his office, he is moved, always, by the needs of the struggle. Consider his unorthodox hate for the enemy, a feeling that violates papal instructions regarding the Nazis; or consider his iconoclastic sympathies for the pregnant, unwed sweetheart of one

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By ELI SIEGEL
Author of "Hot Afternoons Have Been in Montana" (*Nation* Prize)
Aesthetic Analysis, not being psychoanalysis or current psychiatry, deals with conflict in mind, or neurosis, as a problem akin, deeply, to the artistic problem. The present publication shows that the essential solution of division of mind, or "nervousness," must be aesthetic.
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of the Underground workers or his forging of passports, or many similar incidents throughout the film. The Vatican, with its reactionary political policies, finds no pliant tool in him. Finally, when the Nazi leader attempts to split him away from his Underground colleagues, by arguing that Communism is no friend of orthodoxy, the pastor replies that any man who fights unselfishly for justice and freedom walks in the ways of God. When he gives absolution to the dead Communist, an act that gave the local Legion of Decency the screaming fantods, you can be sure he is acting outside the formal theological system.

"THE POSTMAN ALWAYS RINGS TWICE" (Capitol) also pretends to deal in a fundamental way with people and their relationships, but it turns out to be another James M. Cain preoccupation with imitation drama. Roughly, it is an inferior *Double Indemnity*, with some slight plot changes. The hero-killer of *Postman*, as in *Double Indemnity*, sets his evil star to twinkling when he first meets his paramour-in-crime by way of a lingering, caressing pan shot of her silk-hosed legs. At this point reason crashes and infatuation takes its place. From then on the film is concerned with the growing incandescence of the love affair, and the plans for knocking off the unreasonable husband, who doesn't know enough to get out of the way, the oaf. Knowing the rules of the Motion Picture Production Code, which does not permit murder to go unpunished, we are concerned less with the didoes of the loving pair, who are earmarked for an early astral departure, than the manner in which they are to be caught. In *Double Indemnity* it was a combination of a bullet and a gnawing conscience. Here it is nothing so simple. No one less important than the Almighty Himself teams up with the D.A. to bring the culprits to heel. He may miss once, but no one escapes His second ring.

ALL the usable Cain stories appear by now to have been exhausted, but that is no guarantee that similar films will not pop up again soon. Hollywood has a way of rewriting themes that have nothing to do with the physical limits of the source material. The latest example of this practice is the Warner film *Her Kind of Man* (Strand). The Warners must have recalled with great nostalgia the lush days of prohibition, when *Little Caesar*, *Public Enemy*, *Doorway to Hell* and others were glamorizing the thugs and gangsters of the bootleg and other rackets. Consequently, they have thrown together the elements of the hard-boiled killer school of movie fiction and once again we have the fearless Broadway columnist with a heart of gold, the night club singer, her deadly night club operator sweetheart, the quiet, persistent cop, the glitter of easy wealth, the tip-off, the tawdry death of the killer-in-hiding, and every last wrinkle of the old dried-out fruit.

I hear that this is but the first of a number of gangster films that may soon be hatched, or rather disinterred. Well, the romantic plug-ugly is not without his social uses. Didn't the newspapers publish, with a straight face, a piece by Al Capone denouncing the Reds as undesirable citizens?

On Broadway

"CALL ME MISTER," Harold Rome and Arnold Auerbach's musical revue in the healthy *Pins and Needles* tradition, comes to a very satisfactory evening. It makes relevant comments, through clever lyrics and pleasing tunes, on the overprolonged soldier's return, and on what the soldier comes home from and to. It is bright; it is vigorous; and it has point —social point.

It is this which gives the revue its more than immediate timeliness and the sort of unity that not even the perfectly manufactured plot can offer; and it is this that enables the cast to perform with a conviction that no big names can substitute for. For example, that recent quarter-of-a-million dollar flop, *Nellie Bly*, had a superficially tight plot; but that didn't keep it from coming apart and splattering all over the big stage. In Gaxton and Moore it had a wonderful comedy team but, there being no point around which humor could become significant, their antics produced only a sort of extorted laughter.

Of *Call Me Mister's* twenty-three numbers only a few missed fire. And even these were not wholly losses because they continued and were part of such a good thing. The "Welcome Home" scene, with the parents strenuously applying different psychological readjustment treatments on their soldier boy, and the Paul Revere scene,

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with the minuteman snafued in red tape, were forced and obvious; Jules Munshin's over-energetic station agent overstepped the dividing line between humorous impersonation and sheer exhibitionism; and the dance numbers had neither point nor beauty.

But there was overhelming compensation: number after number remarkable for its gaiety, vigor or significance. I remember with particular pleasure the "Going Home Train" scene with its wonderful group chanting, Betty Garrett's witty singing of "Surplus Blues" and "South America Take It Away," the moving scene "The Red Ball Express," in which, with powerfully effective simplicity, the plight of the returned Negro veteran is dramatized; and the efficient satire in "Yuletide, Park Avenue" and in "South Wind" and the "Senators' Song," commenting on the state of American democracy as personified in some, alas, too-typical lawmakers from the South.

In a fine company made up, according to the program notes, entirely of returned servicemen and women, which may have something to do with the youthful energy and the conviction of the performances, three stand out. One is, of course, the delightful Betty Garrett; another is Jules Munshin, a rubber-faced comedian who succeeds in blowing up an extraordinary number of emotions, and the Negro singer Lawrence Winters, particularly good in the "Red Ball Express" and in his solo number, "The Face on the Dime," an effective tribute to FDR.

Call Me Mister is a hit Broadway need not be ashamed of. I hear that advance sale has reached into the Fall months. The New York Theater will have something good to point to so long as *Call Me Mister* is around.

ISIDOR SCHNEIDER.

Worth Noting

ON FRIDAY, May 17, at the Brooklyn Academy of Music, the American Youth Orchestra, led by Dean Dixon, will play the American premiere of a symphonic poem "Tale of a Pogrom" by a contemporary Soviet Jewish composer, David Block. Block's composition is based on the poem of the same name by Chaim Nachman Bialik, greatest Hebrew poet in modern times, who wrote it in protest against the Kishineff pogrom of 1903. The concert is presented by the Brooklyn division of the American Birobidjan Committee (Ambijan).

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I've just finished reading the April 23 issue of the magazine and I wish to offer my congratulations. It's a fine beginning; keep it up. Let's hope you can even top yourself.

ARNAUD D'USSEAU, New York

nm will now be more effective than ever in helping weld the unity of professional and white collar workers with the organized labor movement and in providing its readers with a Marxist approach, not only to political issues, but to problems of literature, art, theater, motion pictures and other fields of cultural activity.

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